

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1808.

No. IV.

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ART. I.—*Inquiries, historical and moral, respecting the Character of Nations, and the Progress of Society.* By Hugh Murray. 8vo. Longman. 1808.

IN these *Inquiries* Mr. Murray has endeavoured to explain the causes of the manners and characters of nations. He considers man as a progressive being, and traces his progress from a state of barbarism and rudeness to one of high civilization and refinement; and he shews how the different changes in the external condition of man are accompanied with changes in his moral and intellectual state.

In any considerable number of people, who have lived under the same government, spoken the same language, and been brought up in the same social habits, certain moral peculiarities are as readily discerned as certain varieties of feature in the different races of mankind. To these peculiarities Mr. M. gives the name of national character; and this character is perceptible even in those nations which come nearest to each other in the degree of civilization; but the difference is more apparent between the naked savage traversing the wild, and the inhabitant of a luxurious capital.

This difference is not dependent on internal organization but external circumstances. The sum of moral and intellectual excellence, which is the gift of nature, is the same in all. Hence original constitution, which has such a powerful influence in forming the character of individuals, is not to be taken into the account when we appreciate the character of nations. The general character may not be applicable to all the individuals; for honesty and humanity may constitute the general character of a nation, and yet there may be numerous individuals who are cruel and unjust. The general character denotes only the relative amount of the virtue or the vice which enters into the constitution of the

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character. Thus the national character does not absorb all individual distinctions.

Mr. Murray states the general conclusions which he has formed relative to the progress of society before he enumerates the particulars collected from history, from voyages, travels, and views of man in several stages of his social progress. He says that the hypothesis which he has stated, was not a gratuitous supposition previous to his inquiries, but that it arose in a silent train of inference out of the facts which he had collected.

There are many facts which seem to militate against the supposition that man is a progressive being, or that the manners and character of the human being are in a state of gradual amelioration. But it has not been generally remarked that the causes to which human society is most indebted for its improvement, operate during a certain period and to a certain extent as principles of corruption. We entirely assent to the supposition of Mr. Murray, which evinces equal sagacity and reflection, that

\* there is in human society a process of corruption previous to the process of improvement, and arising from the first operation of the same causes; and that every thing which ultimately tends most to improve the character and condition of man, is positively injurious in its first operation.\*

The social improvement of man depends greatly on the concentrated increase of numbers and of wealth. Numbers and wealth are two principles, which, according not only to the physical but the moral constitution of human nature, have a continual tendency to increase. But the page of history and the deductions of experience, will tell us that the increase of vice too often corresponds with that of numbers and wealth. The passions are inflamed by more various incentives, and more sensuality prevails. Thus large and opulent capitals are found more unfavourable to virtue than the poor and thinly-peopled hamlet. But though wealth and numbers have a primary tendency to generate corruption, yet they at the same time strongly favour the developement of those faculties, and the production of that knowledge and civilization by which this vice will be gradually diminished and finally destroyed. The first effect of wealth seems to be to promote the increase of gross sensuality and intemperate indulgence. Man becomes more voluptuous in proportion to his means of gratification. But wealth gives birth to the arts, which add both to the convenience and the ornament of life. The taste is improved: the perception of

beauty and deformity is purified and sublimed, and a corresponding change is made in the discriminations of the moral sense. The conscience becomes more sensitive to right and wrong. More refined pleasures succeed the more gross, which become gradually despised and reprobated as below the dignity of man. In a more rude period the accumulation of wealth is productive of riotous intemperate carousals; but one of the certain effects of a more diffusive civilization is to diminish that general tendency to inebriety and excess. Grosser gratifications are supplanted by more worthy pursuits, and literature and the arts appear to sweeten the converse, and to moralize the social habits of man. But the improvement, as Mr. Murray ably remarks, 'springs up in the bosom of corruption, and for a long time coexists with it.'

Those causes, which seem at first to occasion temporary corruption, but which are efficacious in producing ultimate improvement, Mr. Murray calls **PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLES**; and he arranges them under the following heads:

'I. Numbers collected into one place. II. Free communication between different societies, and different members of the same society. III. Wealth. IV. Great public events.'

To these he adds two others, which, as possessing a rather negative character, are reserved for a different place, and referred to a different class of principles.

The concentrated assemblage of numbers seems generally to operate in a manner unfavourable to virtue. Multiplied incitements impel, and multiplied opportunities invite to the indulgence of those passions which are commonly prolific of crimes; and which would, in other circumstances, be quiescent. Sensuality and ambition are most rife amid great assemblages of men; and the worst, who are the most daring and the least scrupulous, take the lead. Those passions become furious and ungovernable in a multitude, which would perhaps never have been kindled in the solitary domestic scene. In a large circle the love of distinction is not so easily gratified as in a small. Hence greater exertions are requisite to obtain it; and while the object is prized, recourse is had to follies and to crimes as the means of gratifying the desire. The process of corruption which belongs not necessarily but adventitiously to this first principle of 'numbers collected into one place,' seems to operate very powerfully and for a considerable length of time before that of improvement begins to manifest its presence and effects. Hence Mr. Murray very acutely remarks that the earlier moralists, who lived when the corrupting process was

far advanced, while that of improvement was hardly begun always extolled the shades of retirement as the best safeguard of innocence.

But though the collection of numbers seems, in its primary operations to be injurious to man, yet on reflection it will be found, in its ultimate effects, essential to the moral and intellectual improvement of the human race. In a numerous society the moral judgment must be perfected in a higher degree than it can be in different circumstances. The more numerous are the examples of virtue and of vice, which are brought within the sphere of observation, the more striking, and expressive, and instructive, will be the difference of the results. The moral sense, by greater variety of exercise will acquire not only more force but more delicacy of discrimination.

‘The criterion of virtue,’ says the ingenious and penetrating writer, ‘which is founded on its tendency to promote the general welfare, is evidently to be ascertained by that wide observation of human nature which can be made only in a numerous society. Such attempts founded on narrow and partial views must be altogether erroneous. But the more, in consequence of an extensive acquaintance with mankind, we enlarge our views of the consequences of human actions, the more evident are the marks of that close connection which exists between virtue and the happiness of man.’

That tendency to improvement which there is in the nature of man, but which is most powerfully excited in large assemblages of individuals, is slow, and for a time almost imperceptible in its progress; and the process of corruption is at times so blended with that of improvement that it is difficult to discern the line of separation. The cultivation of the arts and sciences which have such a powerful effect on the sum of moral and intellectual improvement has seldom been successfully prosecuted except in large and populous cities, as in Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, and the metropolis of this country.

Communication between different societies, or between several classes of the same, though it is a principal means of improvement, seems to have a primary tendency to corrupt. The more extensive and varied the communication, the more numerous objects of comparison are presented to the mind; the more emulation is awakened and gratified, and the more the intellectual faculty is energized; but the desires are at the same time more multiplied and the passions are more inflamed. Ambition, avarice, and lust are presented with more numerous objects of temptation, and have a wider range of pursuit. The intercourse between high intellectual



proficiency and savage ignorance, between civilized refinement and uncultured rudeness, seems in its primary tendencies to exercise rather a corrupting than an improving process. This has been particularly exemplified in the intercourse between the civilized nations of Europe and the inhabitants of the South Sea. This intercourse seems to have been morally pernicious to both parties. It has increased the sum of violence, rapacity, and fraud in the one, and augmented that of pride, presumption, avarice, and cruelty in the other. But this kind of corrupting process will finally yield to the process of improvement. Out of the number of objects of comparison and desire, of habits and opinions, which are presented to the mind, the best will finally become the objects of choice. The sum of error and of prejudice will be finally diminished; and that of truth and virtue will receive a proportionate increase.

The author shows the beneficial effects of the principle of communication in the states of ancient Greece. Greece, intersected by mountains, rivers, straits, seas, and those natural barriers which favour the formation of separate and independent states, presented in the early period of her history a great variety of separate communities, in which we might discern political society in its most variegated forms; where the social progress of man was marked from the lowest beginnings to the highest pitch of civilized refinement; where philosophy, eloquence, poetry, were united with the most flourishing state of the fine arts.

'Greece,' says Mr. Murray, 'had under her immediate eye, as it were, every various aspect under which it was possible for man to be viewed.' Within herself the rude and simple Arcadia; the stern and hardy Lacedemon; the lively Athens; the voluptuous Corinth. On one side, the splendid and opulent cities of Grecia Major and Sicily; on the other the refined and effeminate Ionia. Immediately beyond lay Egypt, an ancient and great people, among whom religion, laws, and government were first formed into a regular system, and were delivered over to Greece to be refined and perfected. Persia presented a military despotism and barbarous luxury. To the north the boundless forests of Sythia and Thrace exhibited a view of man in the simplest and rudest condition. To Greece, as to a common centre, ideas flowed from all these various sources.'

The intellectual result is too well known to need any explanation.

But in no country in the world was this principle of communication ever carried to a greater extent than in Great Britain at the present period. The facilities for internal communication are greater than could have been conceived

possible in a less enlightened period. The intercourse between the capital and the most remote extremities of the island is rapid. Ideas and sensations are vibrated from the centre to the extremities with a sort of electrical velocity. Thus distant and sequestered villages, where the metropolis was before hardly known except by name, now soon catch, from the facility of communication, even the colour of its fleeting modes. The complaint is very general that the country is infected with the vices of the capital. This is very true; and it is an instance of the corrupting process which attends the principle of communication before the process of improvement begins. But the latter process will ultimately be the result even of the opposite; for the principle of communication may be compared, in its mode of operating, to the fermentation of liquors, which renders them turbid before they become clear. The observation of the corrupting tendency of the great principles of social and political, of moral and intellectual improvement, in the early and incipient developement of their effects, has induced narrow-minded men, who cannot trace any principle beyond its immediate or contingent consequences, to decry all attempts to meliorate the condition of man. Thus the great and only causes of his ultimate improvement have been calumniated and reviled, as the source of every thing mischievous and absurd.

Little as it may seem at first sight, no truth in philosophy is nevertheless more susceptible of a rigid demonstration than this, that moral and intellectual improvement, considered in its national aggregate as constituting national character, depends on the accumulation of wealth: but, as wealth in the earlier stages of the social progression of man is seen to exert a corrupting influence, to prove the bane of temperance, and to obscure the moral distinctions of right and wrong, its temporary effect is mistaken for its real and ultimate tendency. Hence the moralists of so many ages, viewing wealth only in its deteriorating tendencies, have made riches and rich men the subject of angry reproof or invidious declamation. Hence poverty has been extolled as a refuge from depravity, and the safe-guard of temperance and other qualities in high moral estimation. But without wealth how is the moral and intellectual progression of man to be advanced? How is that virtue, on which the Christian code most insists, (BENEFACTENCE) to be practised? How is leisure to be procured for the exercise of the reflective faculty and the culture of mind? In short, how is man to get beyond the threshold, and much less to advance far

into the sanctuary of civilization and refinement, where the brightest prospects of happiness and peace open on the philosophic mind, and cheer the dropping spirits of the friend of man.

Contempt of fortune was the first lesson that was endeavoured to be instilled by the sages of ancient times. From the sensuality and corruption which they observed to accompany the possession of wealth in those around them, they thought that it was essentially and radically pernicious. They did not consider that wealth, which produces the greatest changes in the external condition of man, would ultimately exercise the most happy effects on his moral and intellectual state. They did not reflect that, if civilization be a good (and who will venture to call it an evil?) it is a good which wealth only can procure; and that the degree of civilization in any state must correspond with the diffusion of wealth among its members. 'All the highly civilized nations,' says Mr. Murray, 'have been opulent.' This refinement generally inspires a disgust at those vices which wealth had originally prompted: while the politeness and humanity, which are in the same manner introduced, soften down those hard inequalities to which it had given rise.

'Those gross indulgencies to which the votary of wealth had at first addicted himself, soon pall upon the senses. A wish then arises to seek for more refined sources of enjoyment, which if any one can invent, wealth supplies the means of amply rewarding him. Hence an impulse is given to the cultivation of poetry and the arts. For some time, indeed, these pursuits may not seem much to diminish the empire of sensuality. They are then employed in throwing a veil over its grossness, and relieving the satiety which it had before inspired. By a repetition, however, of the same process, the pleasures of a refined society are more and more disengaged from this alloy; greater value is placed on those higher and purer gratifications, in which mind holds the chief place, and which can be indulged in, with innocence and dignity. In consequence too of the close connection between the different faculties, the cultivation of those subservient to pleasure naturally leads to that of others of a higher description. Poetry, wherever there is no check on the natural progress of society, is, if not the attendant, at least the precursor, of philosophy. The moral sense too, which is intimately connected with the refinement of taste and the improvement of reason, fails not to share in the general progress. Thus wealth becomes ultimately the means of raising human nature to a state of higher dignity than that which it was originally the means of defacing.'

*Great public events* are ranked by Mr. Murray among the causes which materially influence the manners and cha-

acter of nations. Mr. Murray very acutely remarks that the production of great events is less dependent on individual character than on those general laws which appear to regulate the moral destiny of man. But those events which agitate and convulse whole kingdoms, give rise to the most impetuous and overwhelming passions in the human breast. They open a new scene of action to the love of power and of glory; the most vigorous exertions of individuals are called forth; and all the elements of strife are set in motion till a hurricane is produced. Civil contests

'hold out to numbers the hope of rising to distinction, provided they are little scrupulous about the means; and tempt them, in the pursuit, to trample upon every distinction of right and wrong. Sovereign power, above all, the highest prize of ambition, is too often thought to absolve him from every restraint who hopes to mount that envied eminence. A relentless inhumanity, a licentiousness which spurns all controul, a dissolution, in fine, of all the ties of nature and society; such is the spectacle usually exhibited among a nation torn by intestine dissensions.'

But such are the times, in which the greatest talents have appeared. They seem to have been matured and hardened by the storm. Genius is impregnated with grand conceptions by familiarity with great events. Thus great events are favourable to the production of literary excellence. Those periods of the Grecian and Roman history, in which literature most flourished, will exemplify the truth of the observation. Learning was corrupted in the middle ages because it was cultivated only by monks and ascetics, who were inattentive to the objects of real life, and were placed beyond the sphere of its observation.

When we consider the corrupting and the improving tendencies of those causes which influence the manners and the character of nations, we find that the first are operative in the very beginning of society, and that the last are more slow in developing their power. Innumerable obstacles seem placed in their way; and it is long before they attain any great sensible increase. But while the process of improvement is imperceptibly slow, and that of corruption seems rapid and unchecked, nature, as Mr. Murray has well remarked, has furnished powerful means of counteraction to the progressive principles in their corrupting state. Without these means of counteraction, which Mr. M. calls repressing principles, the whole moral surface of society would soon become a mass of putrefaction, But while the repressing

principles diminish the vitiating tendencies of the progressive principles of population, of wealth, &c. they leave them power sufficient to carry on all the great processes of improvement. Mr. Murray arranges the repressing principles under these two heads:—I. The necessity of labour. II. Coercion.

Labour has been represented as the punishment of sin; but it also operates as the preservative of innocence. The time which is employed in toil is so much deducted from the empire of the passions. While the faculties of the mind and the body are occupied in some industrious pursuit, the sensual and the malevolent passions are hushed to rest. No violent emotions and desires can disturb the tranquillity within. Those intervals of leisure which the industrious enjoy, do not require to be filled up by those costly, those perpetually varied and rival gratifications of which the idle are tormented in the search, and not happy in the enjoyment. Idleness is the forerunner and the concomitant of vice. The laborious have neither the leisure nor the inclination to be idle.

But though labour, (which is here considered as confined to that species which is busied in procuring the means of subsistence) helps to counteract the vitiating tendency of the progressive principles, it operates at the same time as an obstacle to the attainment of that high degree of civilization to which man aspires, and to which the laws of his nature evidently impel. It impedes the culture of the mind and the growth of the arts.

When man is destitute of employment his primary refuge from the oppressive weariness of a vacant mind is sensual gratification. But all sensual enjoyment soon settles into disgust; and for this disgust the next attempt of social man is to find a remedy in the varied processes of art, and in the culture of the intellect: it is the weight of idleness which, by impelling to mental exertion, promotes the improvement of the mind. Thus evil is finally sublimed into good; and literature and the arts spring out of the satiety of sensual excess. The law of primogeniture which, in Europe, exempts a large class of individuals from the necessity of labour, proves highly favourable in its operation to the encouragement of literature and the arts; and to the production of a salutary change in the manners and character of society.

To *coercion*, to which Mr. Murray ascribes the second place in his repressing principles, he refers

‘every thing which tends to inspire the sentiments of fear or awe. It includes, therefore, all those forms of government and subordina-



tion which form such prominent features in the aspect of civilized life.'

Small communities, composed of only a few families, may subsist without any political institutions: but such institutions are soon rendered necessary by the increase of numbers and of wealth. In proportion to the increase of numbers and of wealth, a propensity to tumult and injustice is excited, and the temptations become more strong to the violation of moral rules.

The progressive principles, leading to turbulence, to injustice, and every species of excess, necessarily give rise to various forms of political restraint. Hence civil government is the product rather of necessity than of choice. But civil government which cannot be practically exercised by the whole community, must be exerted by a few over the rest. But these few, who can hardly be expected to be exempted from the vices, the injustice, and the selfishness of other men, are likely to pursue interests which are very distinct from the welfare of the community. Thus civil government, the object of which is the prevention of evil, becomes in itself a source of various enormities. But still power, whatever may be the vices of the possessor, is generally exercised in a manner conducive to the moral good of those who are subjected to it. For, as Mr. Murray remarks,

'though a bad prince may wish to have a few companions and flatterers of his vices, it must be desirable, even for him, that the great mass of his subjects should be decent and orderly. He is controuled also by public opinion, and by a regard to reputation. In a society therefore, where men have not yet learned to place any restraint upon themselves, the prevalence of a considerable degree of subordination will tend to raise the standard of moral conduct higher than it would otherwise have been.'

Civil government is the most general and efficacious form of coercion; but Mr. M. mentions other forms which have a powerful influence on the peace and happiness of society; as fear from external enemies, religion, the love of a good name. But however beneficial may be the diversified species of political restraint, which society requires, no species of servitude can be reckoned more than a *temporary benefit*. Liberty is necessary to give full effect and free expansion to the progressive principles, without which all the improvements, which they tend to produce, must be stunted in the growth and circumscribed in the enjoyment.

A free press cannot subsist under an arbitrary government;

but what is more favourable than a free press to the progress of intellectual exertion? Liberty of thought is indeed placed beyond the reach of despotism; but even freedom of thought will soon expire where the tongue cannot utter, nor the pen indite what the mind conceives. For who will cultivate faculties which he can never employ either for his own benefit or for that of others? Who will be at the pains to acquire knowledge which he cannot communicate, to investigate principles which he cannot discuss, or to form theories which he cannot disclose?

Whatever may be the moral excesses which the strong arm of despotism may restrain, yet that virtue, which is most suitable to the dignity of human nature, and which is more encouraged by liberty of choice than violence of coercion, can flourish only under a free government. Perhaps it is not too much to say that even the vices of a free man deserve to rank higher in moral estimation than the virtues of a slave.

That process of improvement which the progressive principles of population and of wealth have an ultimate tendency to produce, must be stationary or retrograde without liberty. For without liberty, the intellectual faculty of which the progressive principles favour the exertion, must be cramped in its exercise; and the mind must be prevented from ascending by a gradual scale of moral and physical inquiry to those truths which are most essentially connected with the amelioration of the social and political state of man.

Many writers have considered the capacity for liberty to depend on the poverty of the state, on the paucity of the number of citizens, and the smallness of the territory. Even Montesquieu, owing to the circumscribed views which he took of the progressive nature of man, seems to have entertained this erroneous supposition. But the opinion is refuted by experience; and, if it were otherwise, the constant tendency which there is in human nature to increase in numbers and in wealth, must produce a continually increased gravitation to servitude. But the natural tendency of man, considered as a progressive being, is rather to rise to the highest regions of liberty than to sink into the lowest vortex of despotism. In proportion as the progressive principles of population and of wealth facilitate the means of subsistence by the subdivision of labour, and afford to greater numbers a larger stock of leisure for the cultivation of mind, not only the knowledge of the true principles of liberty must increase, but the capacity must become greater for enjoying it. As the world grows older, therefore, we have every rea-

men to believe that its political institutions will recede farther from servitude and approach nearer and nearer to the true genius of liberty. Those pacific and orderly habits, which the progressive diffusion of intellectual improvement must gradually produce, will not only supersede the necessity for coercion, but will qualify for the enjoyment of a high degree of liberty.

The progressive principles seem to vary their agency, or as Mr. Murray expresses it, to admit of new modifications in the different periods of their progress. The principles of population, of communication, of wealth, seem in a very early stage to exert a corrupting influence; yet their *first effect* appears to be immediately beneficial. For as neither absolute solitude nor extreme want exert any favourable influence on the human character, a certain increase in the facility of social intercourse, and in the exterior accommodations of life, is necessary to develop the first germ of improvement in the mind and heart.

In C. VI. Mr. Murray compares the relation between the progressive and the repressing principles. The great difference is, that the first, as social intercourse, wealth, &c. are the natural object of sympathy and desire, and the last of aversion and disgust. Men love society, and they covet wealth; but they hate labour and restraint. The repressing principles, as labour and coercion, seem to increase in proportion to the growth of the progressive principles in their corrupting state. On this subject we will extract the following judicious and enlightened observations of the author:

'Hunting,' says he, 'affords subsistence only to a very few, and to these few leaves an ample portion of leisure. An hour's chase will often supply a family with provision for several days. Pasturage subsists a great number of men, and at the same time, imposes upon them more employment; while agriculture yields more food, and requires more labour than either. Again, wealth, or an abundance of external accommodation, necessarily supposes extensive manufactures and commerce, the establishment of which carries the necessity of labour to its utmost height. Thus we find this principle continually growing with the growth of the corrupting principles. At the same time, that the progress of improvement may not stand still, a certain proportion is set aside of every society, to whom is granted a complete exemption from labour; and whose exertions have by experience been found sufficient for carrying on all the different processes of intellectual improvement. And I am disposed to think, that in consequence of the extension of machinery, and the division of labour, a provision is made for gradually releasing the human race from this severe, though necessary bon-

dage ; and for allowing them a greater portion of leisure in proportion as they become qualified to make a proper use of it. Something of this kind, indeed, seems already to have taken place ; since in this country, we do not see the lower orders so incessantly occupied, as in some of the grand eastern empires ; where every thing is performed by manual and individual labour. But upon this subject I shall not at present enlarge.

‘ Coercion exhibits a still more singular and interesting mechanism. By all men it is held in abhorrence ; yet it is only by their own voluntary act that the bulk of mankind can be subjected to it. Accordingly we find some philosophers who are never weary of expressing their astonishment, that multitudes should be so infatuated as to submit their conduct to the arbitrary decisions of one, or of a few of their fellow men. From what has been said above, it may appear how little foundation there is for invectives against a system which, in a greater or less degree, is essential to the very existence of society ; yet every one must admit, that this is perhaps the most curious problem which occurs in the whole history of man.

‘ The collection of numbers together, while it augments the tendency to tumult and dissention, unavoidably leads to a discovery of the advantages resulting from union and co-operation. Combinations are in consequence formed, which necessarily suppose a certain sacrifice of private interest, and which, as will appear hereafter, of themselves impose various restraints on the violence of individual passion. As, however, their numbers become more numerous, the difficulty of acting in concert is increased : and a more evident necessity arises for electing chiefs, and for resigning to them some portion of their natural liberty. Thus, in proportion to the increase of numbers, and to the violence of the passions which it generates, will be the restraint to which, with a view to the gratification of those passions, men will be inclined to submit. Readiness of communication tends also to induce subjection. In extensive plains the government is generally absolute. Ease of access tends both to inspire ambitious projects, and to facilitate their execution. It thus extends the boundaries of states ; and this extension has always been found inimical to liberty. Dr. Gillies justly observes, that had Greece consisted of an uniform and connected tract of country, it would probably have been all united into one monarchy ; and that it was indebted for freedom to the being broken into such a number of small divisions.

‘ In the case of wealth there was a peculiar necessity for some check upon that more destitute part of the community, by whom it is beheld with eager and desiring eyes. Enjoying a great superiority of numbers, and consequently of physical strength, it might otherwise be easy for them to possess themselves of this object of their wishes. Now this check seems to be contained in wealth itself, and in the impression so universally produced by those objects which it is employed in procuring.

‘ The splendour with which the opulent man is surrounded, the pomp of dress, the multitude of his attendants, spread around him

a dazzling awe, which rules supreme over the vulgar mind, and which " scarce the firm philosopher can scorn." A fence is thus formed around him, by which he is protected from those dangers to which his situation exposes him; and this influence is consolidated and rendered permanent, by the distinctions of birth, and the establishment of a regular gradation of ranks.

' Under the last head I need only observe, that violent popular commotions, in any nation, are the never-failing forerunners of the loss of its liberty. Despotism seems, in this case, to be speedily induced, as a severe but indispensable remedy.'

The 7th chapter treats of knowledge considered in its relation to the progress of society. Mr. M. refers *knowledge*, under which term he includes every thing connected with science, literature, and the nobler arts, to the class of progressive principles. And though it may seem paradoxical, he places knowledge, as well as social communication, wealth, revolutionary convulsions, &c. among the corrupting principles.

' An attentive consideration,' says Mr. Murray, ' of literary and philosophical history has forced upon me the conclusion, that knowledge itself, in a certain stage of its operation, is not only imperfectly useful, but, in many respects, positively injurious.'

In the transition of societies or individuals from a state of ignorance and barbarism to one of knowledge and refinement, various disorders are likely to arise and various evils to be produced. There are some truths which it is more dangerous to know only partially or imperfectly than not to know at all. And yet they must necessarily be only imperfectly discerned before they can be thoroughly understood. The transition from ignorance to knowledge cannot be sudden and instantaneous; but the intermediate way will often be gloomy and vexatious, and portend more mischief than advantage. The isthmus, which separates a state of total ignorance from one of real and sound knowledge is often a state of doubt and uncertainty, when the mind is at once apt to cherish the most insufferable arrogance, to engage in the most absurd attempts, and to indulge the most mischievous speculations. Sophistry is invoked to colour the most pernicious delusions: and reason, as is the case with so many religionists, is made the corrupter of morality. How many errors and crimes have been the fruit of a corrupt and false philosophy! And yet it is the corrupt and false philosophy which prepared the way for the pure and true.

Mr. Murray comprehends the leading symptoms of the



corruption of knowledge under the three heads of error, excess, and abuse. When the mind first begins a process of reasoning, it is highly probable that it will set out in a wrong direction; thus the farther it advances the more it is likely to recede from the truth till it is bewildered in a maze; and ages may elapse before he discovers his error, or before he can extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he is involved.

‘It has been ingeniously, and I believe justly observed,’ says Mr. M. ‘that before men think right upon any subject they must first have exhausted all the absurdities which can possibly be said upon it.’

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‘But notwithstanding this tendency to error, which is at first inevitable, yet ample provision is made for its gradual extinction. Erroneous opinions seem indeed to have a prior claim on the attention of mankind; and each, in their turn, seems destined to prevail for a destined period. But they have never been able to stand the test of long continued discussion. As soon as thinking men have leisure to examine their various relations, and to trace the consequences to which they lead, their absurdity becomes evident. And by means of letters, the record of former mistakes, and of the means by which they have been detected, is transmitted to posterity, so as to form a bar against their future introduction.’

This tendency to error is much greater in some literary and scientific pursuits than in others, and it is greatest in those which abound most in ambiguous and indeterminate expressions. In geometry, which is concerned only with sensible ideas, and with clear and definite expressions, there is little liability to error. Geometry, instead of being deformed, has been improved in proportion to the labour bestowed upon it; and the elements of Euclid, instead of being rendered obsolete by the lapse of ages, remain to this day the best introduction to mathematical science.

The investigation of facts is more difficult in proportion as the objects to which they relate are farther removed from sensible observation. Thus metaphysical science, which is occupied with an analysis of the mental faculties, seems involved in an almost impenetrable obscurity. One theory has supplanted another, but in the science itself little or no progress has been made. Morality, as far as it consists in observing the common tendencies and the general consequences of actions, and in deducing rules of life and maxims of conduct from those tendencies and consequences, is a matter of daily experience, and the knowledge of it is a continually increasing stock. The observations which many make on the effects of

particular actions, and the prudential economy of life, are generalized into proverbs, which are for the most part indebted to their truth for their common currency with mankind. But when instead of confining our attention to the simple perception of right or wrong, and the relative differences of truth and falsehood, of probity and fraud, we come to investigate the principles of action, the metaphysical origin of moral sentiments, and the abstract criterion of virtue and of vice, morality, which is otherwise clear and luminous, becomes intricate and dark. Errors arise; the judgment is distracted by opposite conclusions; and the mind vibrates in painful uncertainty.

Novelty operates as an incitement to immoderate indulgence. This is the case not only with objects of sensual but of intellectual pursuit. The mind evinces an excessive attachment to some particular occupation. Hence the mind is thrown into one particular direction; and that force of understanding which arises from the equilibrium of all the faculties acting in unison, suffers considerable diminution.

Even literary pursuits are not entirely exempted from human interests and passions. Those interests and passions mingle their bane with the stream of mental exertion, which they debase by rendering it subservient to the purposes of sordid imposture and a narrow-minded selfishness. But this must be less practicable in proportion as literature is more generally diffused. It is ignorance by which imposture is most encouraged and best paid.

If science be progressive the corruptions to which it is liable must be gradually diminished till they finally disappear; while the benefits which accrue from the diffusion must be continually increased. The improvement of the reason, the memory, and the imagination, which must gradually be produced by the culture of philosophy, history, and poetry, considered in their most comprehensive signification, must tend to render man less sensual and gross, and to elevate him to a higher and more refined region of existence.

‘Any vice or disorder,’ says Mr. Murray, ‘which is habitually practised in any society is connected with some narrow views, some error of reasoning, some irregularity of taste.’

The most effectual preventive of all vice and disorder must then be ultimately found in intellectual cultivation.

After having explained the leading causes which regulate the progress of society, as well as the moral condition of each particular people, Mr. Murray proceeds to examine

some other causes to which different writers have referred the phenomena of national character. Montesquieu has ascribed that character to the influence of climate. But Mr. Murray strenuously maintains that climate, *physically* considered, has no influence whatever upon human character. Hot climates do not uniformly produce that mildness and indolence, that debility and fear which favour the establishment of a despotic form of government. Under the equator, where the heat may be supposed most enervating, though despotisms exist, yet they are turbulent and ferocious, in which a barbarous aristocracy controuls the arbitrary will of the sovereign. The Malays are the fiercest people under the sun. The inhabitants of Java, Sumatra, and other islands in the Indian ocean, are subject to an irregular feudal system,

‘ which is restless and turbulent beyond perhaps any other. Abyssinia is a legal despotism ; but is one of which mildness and indolence certainly are not the basis. In the centre of Africa we find the Gallas, the fierce and cannibal tribes of Giagas, Arsicans, and Dahomeys, who from time immemorial have spread desolation and terror over that immense continent. Among most of the states situated on the river Gambia, the form of government is purely republican. The same constitution prevails on the gold coast ; in which the kings and chiefs, where they exist, possess a power little more than nominal. It is not till we arrive at the kingdoms of Whidan and Benir, considerably south of the line, that we find feebleness and despotism.’

‘ In our East India possessions, warriors and founders of states have arisen as active, as brave, and as bloody as any that ever issued from the regions of the north.’

Drunkenness has been supposed to be the vice of cold regions, while venereal excess is reckoned the vice of warmer climes. But ebriety appears to be the vice of the uncivilized inhabitants of all countries, whether hot or cold, in proportion to their means. On the discovery of America the inhabitants of the southern part of that continent were in possession of a fermented liquor with which the inhabitants regaled themselves to such excess, that they are said by Lery to have surpassed all competitors in intoxication. The second disorder seems to be circumscribed rather by the scarcity of food than by the variations of heat or cold. But, though Mr. Murray denies the physical influence of climate, he admits that it possesses a very powerful moral influence. But this influence is exerted through the medium of the pro-

gressive principles. Thus a warm climate, by increasing the fertility of the soil and diminishing the necessity of clothing, and perhaps the consumption of food, tends powerfully to the increase of numbers and of wealth.

Mr. Murray makes some good observations on what he calls the '*oscillatory tendency in human affairs*,' or the transition from one extreme to another, as from liberty to servitude, from abstinence to indulgence. This oscillatory tendency, which, if it were to be perpetual, would for ever prevent the progressive improvement of social man, Mr. M. thinks can be only temporary. It is very palpable, when we contemplate any small portion of history; but when we view distant epochs, it is no longer to be seen. What an immeasurable distance between the condition of New Holland and that of Great Britain! Between these two states of society there can be no oscillation.

Mr. Murray does not seem to think that the principle of population presents such an insuperable obstacle to improvement as it is represented by Mr. Malthus. He considers, and we think with great justness, the tendency of population to exceed the means of subsistence as a provision against the depopulating influence of human passions.

In the second book Mr. Murray exhibits a '*view of man in the primitive state*,' and in the third, '*a view of man in the savage state*.' These two books, which are compiled from the relations of historians and travellers, contain a multiplicity of curious and amusing details; and the general reader will probably find it the most agreeable part of this elaborate performance. But the intellectual power of the writer, his depth of reflection, and his sagacity of observation, are most conspicuous in the first.

We have, on the whole, perused this work with singular satisfaction. It exhibits the most rational view which we have yet seen, of what Condorcet and others called the perfectibility of man. It proves that human society is susceptible of a high state of amelioration; that the process of improvement, which has been begun, is not soon likely to end. Those persons whose ardour of philanthropic hope was chilled by the perusal of the essay of Mr. Malthus on the Principle of Population will, we trust, derive singular pleasure and instruction from the present *Inquiries* of Mr. Murray, which evince a sober, discriminating, and enlightened mind.

ART. II.—*Romantic Tales. By M. G. Lewis, Author of the Monk, Adelgitha, &c. 4 Vols. 12mo. Longman. 1808.*

MR. Lewis, who has at different times amused and gratified us with so many original productions, condescends in the present instance to become the retailer of other men's wares,—not indeed as a mere translator or editor; but as the collector of a set of tales or romances, to none of which (some trifling ones excepted) he claims any right of invention, though he has taken great liberties of altering, omitting, and improving, in each of them. We will not deny that we have been a good deal entertained by the perusal, not equally of all, but in some degree of every one of them; but, before we proceed to analyze the sources of our satisfaction, we shall quote, though only to dissent from, a very modest assertion of the author, who, after observing that 'it would have been less trouble to write an entire new work;' adds, 'but I doubt not, any such work, composed by my own unassisted abilities, would have been greatly inferior to the present.' Whatever were the faults of Mr. Lewis's first and most celebrated publication, it most certainly displayed a genius capable of much higher efforts than we can discover to have been exerted in any of the compositions now before us.

The romance of 'Mistrust, or Blanche and Osbright,' occupies nearly the whole of the first volume. In his preface, Mr. Lewis informs us, that the idea of it was suggested to him by a German tragedy, from which he has borrowed a great part of the plot, and one of the most striking scenes. We rather object to the first appellation bestowed upon this tale which certainly does not express, or at least does not completely express, the nature of the fatal passion, the effects of which form its interest, and lead to its catastrophe. The tale itself we consider as a good one, and susceptible from its subject of much higher interest and greater length of detail than is here given it. But we are sensible of the disadvantages of writing at all upon a plan chalked out by another, and therefore wish that Mr. Lewis had invented an original fable rather than chosen the really more laborious and less honourable task of working upon the basis of a German play. 'Blanche and Osbright,' is, like *Romeo and Juliet*, and a multitude of other fables to which the memories of our readers, will readily recur, the tale of a feud between two families, and of the fatal consequences produced by it to the happiness of two constant lovers, the son and daughter of the



chief of either faction. There is no novelty, therefore in the general outline ; but there is a great deal of what is new and interesting in the conduct of it, and a great deal of natural colouring in the gloomy misrepresentations and yet more dreadful errors flowing from the extremes of prejudice and dislike lodged in the breasts of the contending parties. It is also a tale of feudal times, and our readers already know how well Mr. Lewis is qualified, by the peculiar nature of his favourite studies, for giving due effect to a picture of that romantic age.

'The Anaconda,' is a tale also translated or borrowed from the German. The introduction of it, containing the whimsical *qui-pro-quo* of a slanderous old maid, who mistakes the name of the tremendous tropical serpent for that of a fancied Hibernian damsel, *Ann O'Connor*, and in consequence of her error, fixes the most uncharitable construction on the character of a worthy young man, which she contrives to blast wherever she goes, with her poisonous breath, is meant to be something comical, or eccentric, but fails of its end, and is, to our conceptions, merely childish. This is the more pity, as it is appended to a tale of no ordinary interest, of great simplicity, and calculated to awaken the highest degree of sensibility in the mind of the reader. It contains, indeed, no variety of incident or of character, being merely the plain pathetic narrative of a most affecting circumstance, in which the narrator is supposed to have borne a principal part. The Anaconda, it is well known, is one of the most terrible of those monstrous and destructive productions with which it has pleased Providence to afflict the tropical regions of the world. This tremendous scourge, issuing from the forests in the neighbourhood of the settlement of Columbo in Ceylon, visits the plantations of an English gentleman, whom it encloses within its merciless toils, while his amiable wife, and his friends and domestics, remain at a distance safe from the animal's reach, but near enough to be spectators of all. The husband himself is placed in a situation from which he cannot move without being exposed to instant death, and in which no person can approach him without the same imminent and hopeless danger. The agonizing suspense of a whole day and night passed in that condition, form the whole interest of a story, which is incapable of being further analyzed for the satisfaction of such of our readers as may not be tempted by our unqualified recommendation to seek for that interest at the fountain-head.

The tale of 'the four Facardins,' is translated from a fragment by Count Hamilton, to which Mr. Lewis has added a

conclusion of his own. The original is formed on the plan of those burlesque fairy tales which abounded in some Parisian coteries during the time of Louis the fourteenth, which must have furnished very pleasant pastime to the particular societies for whose amusement they were immediately composed, but are very little worth the honours of publication. The *Bouts Rimés*, and other little *jeux d'esprit* of the Bath-easton villa were very innocent and not unprofitable recreations to the guests of Lady Miller, but they become extremely flat and insipid to a general reader in the shape of a printed book.

Count Hamilton was certainly one of the most lively writers in this whimsical species of composition; and the absurd tale, which Mr. Lewis has thought deserving of revival and completion, abounds with little playful strokes of humour and fancy which one is rather sorry to see wasted on so foolish a subject. Horace Walpole's '*Hieroglyphical Tales*,' are perhaps the best English specimens from this province of the '*Realms of Nonsense*;' for though some of these were undoubtedly meant to convey some occult satire, that is not the case with others, notwithstanding their mystic title. Walpole, however, did not himself think of publishing these trifles, which we believe were merely intended by him for the Christmas amusement of some young ladies who honoured him with their company and good-humour, and were brought to light only by the aid of editorial industry.

Mr. Lewis's only satisfactory apology for his nonsense would have been the production of a sequel at least capable of rivalling in neatness of style, sprightliness of thought, and playfulness of imagination, the characteristic qualities of Count Hamilton's fairy tale, but we cannot flatter him by saying that we think him altogether successful. In the mere bizarrerie of his fancy, he may indeed be fully equal to his original, but he certainly falls short of him in every superior quality.

To attempt analyzing such a sarrago of nonsense would be much more ridiculous than to write it. Leaving our readers, therefore, in the dark as to the meaning of the strange title, and as to the lives and characters of the four gentlemen who had the misfortune to be called by the same name, we will select, by way of specimen, one of the most absurd of the adventures which have been engrafted by Mr. Lewis on the original design; for although we pronounce this writer decidedly inferior to his laughing predecessor, we will not deny him the praise of considerable drollery.

An unhappy queen of Denmark had the misfortune to be cut in pieces for refusing to marry her daughter to a man ten feet high ; but, being of enchanted blood, every part of her body survived its separation ; and it only required the enterprising spirit of some charitable young prince to go about the world and collect the mutilated limbs in order to restore her to her pristine shape and consistency of person. This enviable task falls to the lot of one of the four heroes of the tale, who, by a series of ridiculous events, meets first with the lips, next with the teeth and bosom, and then with the legs in the manner which we are about to shew, only premising that the greatest affliction suffered by the poor princess during the whole period of her dismemberment is the reflection that those instruments were unfortunately bandy, and that their natural deformity was thus cruelly deprived of the friendly concealment of the petticoat.

‘ We soon reached the gates of a noble city : not chusing to make too conspicuous a figure, I quitted my seat after using the necessary precautions and entered the city on foot : but my companion,’ (a joint-stool on which Prince Facardin was in the habits of riding,) ‘ attracted such universal notice, and the crowd which followed us created such a disturbance, that as we passed the prime minister’s palace, he was induced to appear at his balcony. Struck with surprise at the sight of this animated machine, he gave orders that both of us should be conducted into his presence. This command I readily obeyed, and the stool trotted up stairs after me of its own accord.

‘ My reception was very gracious. I took care to keep my birth and station in life a secret, which (as I knew nothing about them myself,) was a matter of no great difficulty : however, I failed not occasionally to throw out certain little hints, which by saying nothing and implying a great deal, made the minister understand that I was a person of no slight importance. On his part, he informed me, that I was then in the capital of the Danish dominions : and he begged me very politely to make use of his house during my stay at Copenhagen, a request with which I was condescending enough to comply. At night, I was conducted to a superb apartment. I could not help expressing to the domestics who were appointed to attend me, my surprise, that among all his civilities their lord had not offered to present me at court,—a flood of tears was the first answer to this observation ; after which they informed me, that the whole royal family had suddenly disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and that the supreme power was for the present, exercised by the chief minister alone ; they also entreated me not to mention this subject before their lord, whose grief had been excessive on this occasion ; and they even hinted that a tender attachment to her majesty was suspected to have no small share in producing so violent an affection. The domestics now left me ; I retired to my couch, where I soon fell into a







profound sleep; but the tripod did not suffer me to enjoy it long: as its movements seemed to insist upon my rising, I took my guitar and followed the most intelligent of all moveables through a long gallery, which led to the minister's own bed chamber; unwilling to disturb him at an hour so unseasonable, I would not enter; but I made no scruple of looking through the key-hole, which (I thought) could do no harm to any body. My surprise at what I beheld was excessive! the minister, a grave stately man with a white beard, was on his knees, while he addressd the most passionate and pathetic speeches to a pair of the bandiest legs that ever were covered with a petticoat! It's true, to set them off a little they were clothed in flame coloured stockings, with silver clocks; and I remarked that in spite of their crookedness they walked up and down the room with an air of extraordinary dignity. 'Oh, ho! said I to myself, these legs must certainly belong to the lips and bosom in my velvet bag; they must needs become their companions.'—But how was this to be managed? the door was locked and the key was on the inside; however, accidentally applying my shoulder to one part, and my knee to another at the same time, through mere inattention giving a tolerably hard push against it, the door happened to fly open! at that moment the right leg was replying to a tender speech of the minister's by a tolerably hard kick upon the right cheek. I walked straight up to them, took one in each hand, and in spite of all their struggling, deposited them very quietly in my green velvet bag.

'Most extravagant was the rage of the prime minister! he called loudly for his servants to throw me out of window; a ceremony which in my opinion was quite unnecessary; desirous therefore, to save the poor fellows the trouble of coming up stairs, I now tried for the first time the silver chord of my guitar: no sooner had I struck it, than the minister seemed to have been stung by a tarantula; in vain did he strive to repress his desire to dance, a desire so unbecoming his age and station! first he extended one arm, then the other; now he lifted the left leg, and now the right, till at length he set off in full speed, and danced the hays round two elbow chairs, with wonderful activity. I could not restrain my mirth when I saw the old gentleman (his cheeks glowing with rage, and his eyes flashing fire) frisk away, snap his fingers, nod his head, figure in and out between the chairs, and every now and then set to a corner cupboard, but my attention was soon called to quiet a disturbance which had taken place in the green velvet bag. It seems, the rage for dancing had communicated itself to the flame-coloured legs; they were footing it away at an astonishing rate; while the lips complained aloud that they were kicked black and blue, and the bosom sent forth such sighs as if its very heart was breaking. This being the case, I thought fit to put an end to the ball. I forbore to strike my guitar, seated myself on the joint stool, and it sprang with me through the window, just as the minister came tumbling upon the floor quite out of breath and totally exhausted.'

This incident must be allowed to be whimsical enough,

but we are sorry that Mr. Lewis should have found it necessary to have recourse to the romance of Sir Huon for the salutary effects of his guitar, a piece of nonsense which we suppose he might easily have supplied from the lawful stores of his own imagination. A violent fit of sneezing, for instance, might have answered his purpose quite as well as the stolen dance; and in that, we believe there would have been no larceny.

'My Uncle's Garret Window,' the first tale in the fourth volume, is a translation from the German, and is founded on a plot so entirely novel (to the best of our recollection) that we cannot avoid giving it on that account our approbation, though we think much more might have been made of it with a little ingenuity.

'My Uncle's Garret Window' overlooks all the apartments of the opposite house; and during my long dull morning visits to the good old gentleman, who being a poet, has fixed on the most exalted region of Parnassus for his residence, my great amusement is to watch all that is passing there. Thus, with a very good pair of eyes to observe, and an active imagination to improve upon, the dumb-show that is acted before them, I make out, in the course of a few days, a very interesting family drama or romance (call it which you will) ending, as all romances should do, with a reconciliation and a marriage.

The principal defect of this little story is, that aiming rather incautiously at liveliness, it is too abrupt to be very easily intelligible.

An 'oriental romance,' also of German origin, entitled *Amorassan, or the spirit of the frozen ocean*; is the last piece in the collection, and in our opinion the best, not excepting the *Anaconda*. 'Mistrust,' the second title of 'Blanche and Osbright,' might with more propriety, have been applied to this tale, which exhibits in the most powerful colours, the cold and chilling miseries attending on that unfortunate defect of character.

The *Caliph* is represented as a man gifted by nature with a kind and benevolent heart, and actuated by the best intentions of governing for the welfare and happiness of the people committed to his care. He is at the same time too susceptible of flattery, too open to the arts of favouritism, and too ready to believe all that is represented to him by those in whom his confidence has been placed. In the early part of his reign, his only brother and true friend, Abdallah, had fallen a victim to court intrigue. He had been banished by his country, perhaps he had died of want, and misery, and every moment of the caliph's existence had since been





embittered by remorse. Nevertheless the artful vizier who had procured his expulsion, contrived to retain his favour with the sovereign by the practice of incessant adulation; but at the period where the narrative commences, he had conceived a jealousy of a certain wandering Jew, named Ben Hafi, who had just then contrived to attract the peculiar attention of the caliph by the honest simplicity of his character, and the extensive knowledge of the world which he displays. The wily Mazaffar accordingly resolves to attempt his disgrace, and for that purpose, when they are next together in the caliph's presence, introduces a subject of conversation from which he hopes and expects to make his account by entrapping his suspected adversary.

‘The sun, when at mid-day he shines upon the ocean, is not brighter than the smile with which Mazaffar greeted Ben Hafi: the song of the nightingale, when he woos the rose is not sweeter than the tone in which he bade him welcome. Oh! at that moment how must Mazaffar have hated him!—Ben Hafi was seated on cushions, arranged opposite to the Caliph's sofa: the dwarf Hegnawn took his accustomed station at his master's feet; and now the grand vizier seemed by a respectable bow to request permission to break silence. The permission was granted, and he thus addressed the object of his aversion and fear.

—‘Worthy and wise Ben Hafi, there is a point (and that a point of no light importance) on which our lord the caliph has long differed from the humblest of his slaves, and which I have obtained his authority to submit to your experience in the nature of mankind. I maintain, that a sovereign, who has no other materials to work upon, and no other instrument to work with, than men, must govern his actions entirely according to the dictates of cool and unbiased *prudence*, and without suffering himself to be in the least influenced by that most dangerous of all delusions, which is no less erroneous than dazzling, the *enthusiasm* of the heart. I maintain, that that government only can be of use to the *whole*, which is grounded upon a knowledge of the depravity, the baseness, the selfishness, the incapacity of the individuals of whom that whole is composed: and that all those plans must come to nothing, which are built upon the idea of ruling men through the medium of their good qualities; which aim at substituting the rewards of virtue for the dread of punishment; and whose foundation rests upon the belief, that to keep a kingdom in order and tranquillity, and render a people happy and contented, it is only necessary for a sovereign's views to be those of equity, benevolence, and foresight. I maintain also that the black dross, which the angel Gabriel removed from the heart of Mahomet, exists in the hearts of all other children of Allah; that on account of this innate depravity, the sovereign must possess a sceptre of iron as well as a sceptre of gold; that he will oftener find it necessary to use the first than the second: and that true wisdom will make him consider man merely as an animal, who must be com-



pelled to do that which is useful, and abstain from that which is pernicious; the one by his passion for pleasure, the other, by his fear of pain. Such are my sentiments; I have the misfortune to find them disapproved of by my lord the caliph, and but too often have the still greater misfortune to see him act from sentiments, in direct opposition to them.—*The Caliph*.—‘And if your opinion were just, Mazaffar, why, in the name of Ali did nature give the king a heart as well as the beggar? In order to rule as you would have him, and yet not be the most miserable of earthly beings, a monarch should be born without the feelings of a man.—*Mazaffar*.—‘The feelings of a man, and the duties of a monarch are always different, and always incompatible.’—*The Caliph*.—‘If that be the case, I pity both; but most the monarch;—To dare confide in no one—to be deaf to the pleadings of benevolence—to repress all warm affections, all generous sensibilities, and to shut our bosoms against the whole world, at the very moment when the heart overflows towards the whole world with love, with friendship, with philanthropy—always to threaten—always to punish—always to be an object of alarm and aversion—to be cursed for all the ill that happens—to resign to ministers all the merit of the good which is done—to delight in conferring happiness, and yet be obliged to resign the power of conferring the happiness into the hands of others—oh! if this be indeed the lot of a sovereign, his lot is a dreadful one!—Lord of creation! unless you weigh my good conduct by the measure of my good intentions, how shall thy servant stand upright before thee!’—*Ben Hafi*.—‘Doubt it not, commander of the faithful; at the last great day, our actions will be judged, not according to their consequences, but according to the views with which they were committed.’—*The Caliph*.—‘I trust so, Ben Hafi, and therefore I will not repine, that my seat is a throne, rather than a couch of straw. On the throne, as well as in the peasant’s hut, it is still possible to be virtuous; and surely the rewards of virtue will hereafter be proportioned according to the difficulty which its possessor found in retaining it. Were not this the case, alas! how much to be pitied would be the great ones of the earth!—But we have wandered from Mazaffar’s dispute with me. Tell me, Ben Hafi, (and speak without reserve,) is it better that a man—(you hear that I say a *man*, and not a *monarch*, for in spite of all my vizier’s arguments, I cannot help flattering myself that they are the same,)—is it, I say, better that a man should act according to the warmth and enthusiasm of his heart, or that he should merely obey the dictates of that cold discretion, which, before a step is taken, weighs its merits in the nicest balance, and examines it with the severest scrutiny? Do not answer that the right thing is to make a proper use of both; I know that already.—But I wish you to decide between two people, who seldom can make prudence and enthusiasm walk hand in hand. Mazaffar sees me act imprudently without thinking of any thing but how to confer pleasure, and then he shakes his head; on the other hand, I see him act discreetly without caring whether he inflicts pain, and then I feel that my heart is bleeding. Both of us are in the wrong; but which of us is most so?’





‘Ben Hafi paused for a few moments.—At length he raised his head, and the genius of inspiration sparkled in his expressive eyes. ‘Commander of the faithful,’ said he, ‘the life of an illustrious person, who still exists, will be the best answer to your important question. Am I permitted to relate his adventures?’—‘By all means, Ben Hafi,’ answered the Caliph, ‘and you shall have not merely my permission, but my thanks: your narrations please me well, especially when they are wonderful; and if any spirits or genii should appear in the course of your story: they will be extremely welcome, and I shall like your discourse the better—that is, provided always that your story be no fiction.—And now, then, begin your narrative, my good Ben Hafi.’

‘The Hebrew bowed his head, and commenced his tale as follows.’

Amorassan, the grand vizier of Guzurat, was such a minister as the world never sees: upright, disinterested, benevolent in all his designs, and ardent in the execution of them. ‘He was the minister of Guzurat, not of its Sultan;’ and nevertheless he had the happiness of enjoying the friendship of his master, which can seldom be attained by the exercise of principles such as he professed. The character both of the servant and the prince are very ably sketched.

‘Amorassan was one of those men who, inflamed with enthusiastic admiration of the good and fair, are capable of undertaking plans, whose accomplishment (*the accomplishment of which*) seems to require the life of an antediluvian. Such a man is seldom happy; nay, to prevent his being totally miserable, it requires him to possess firmness enough to forgive every fault in others while he excuses none in himself: it requires that his experience in the nature of those, *with whom, and for whom* he labours, should produce no more effect upon his heart and temper, than vapours produce upon the sun; which can do no more than obtrude themselves between the planetary sovereign and the human eye in the form of clouds, and which soon overcome by his warmth, fall down again in fruitful showers freshen and fertilize the earth.

‘Amorassan’s heart was the most tender, his sympathy the most warm, his courage the most undaunted, his activity the most indefatigable; he wished ardently what was right, and he no sooner perceived that good might be done, than he hastened to do it. But he, who hurries on with too much eagerness and rapidity, is frequently apt to overshoot the goal, and by not allowing himself time to take every necessary precaution, he sometimes runs the risque of failing in his object: he cannot do every thing himself; he must employ agents, whom he finds it difficult to inspire with the same enthusiastic ardor for the execution of his benevolent projects, which animated their projector when he formed them: nay, sometimes, he will find himself counteracted by those very agents, because they find his plan conducive to the general good, but tending to their in-

dividual disadvantage. Amorassan believed that could he only prove that his schemes aimed at the universal benefit, self-interest would induce mankind to forward their execution : he was not aware that the universal good is an object too remote and too uncertain to excite very warm sensibilities, and that few men act with ardour and spirit in affairs with which their personal and particular advantage is not in some degree connected. Amorassan thought, that when he had found men *able* enough to execute his schemes, every thing was done ; their own common sense would be sufficient to make them *willing*. So erroneous did he find this opinion, that much, which he had designed in the true spirit and with all the fire of the most extensive philanthropy, was so marred in the execution, that he started back appalled at the sight of his disfigured work, and found that he had earned curses, where he had sowed blessings with such labour and care.

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‘ The Sultan was in truth a very good kind of man : his greatest fault was, that he was wholly dependant on those who possessed his confidence. His heart was warm and susceptible ; his imagination was easily inflamed, and he was possessed by a most inordinate desire to obtain renown. The enlarged and glorious plans of his grand vizier dazzled and enchanted him ; and there were moments, when in the warmth of his enthusiasm for virtue he would have obeyed Amorassan, even had he been advised by him to exchange his throne for the cell of a dervise. The love of virtue, the abhorrence of vice, the sacrifice of self, philanthropy to wish, resolution to decide, and vigour to execute ; all these were communicated to him by Amorassan ; but that which alone could give duration to these qualities, he did not possess from nature, and Amorassan could not impart it :—the Sultan had no firmness of character.’

On such a heart as Amorassan's it may easily be conceived that disappointments arising from the inconstancy and treachery of mankind must have made a deep and lasting impression ; the discoveries of depravity in those whom he trusted and the consequent defeat of his plans of benevolence ; the observation of distress and misery still prevailing in spite of his best endeavours, and even sometimes produced or aggravated by the very measures taken to remove them ; lastly, and above all, the confidence which his prince began to bestow upon a base flatterer, from whose known character he expected nothing but further impediments to his purposes, or the absolute destruction of all his hopes, plunged him into a deep and cheerless melancholy ; and in this unhappy condition it is not to be wondered at that he yields to the first suggestions of an Egyptian magician who offers to put him in possession of supernatural powers to accomplish his ends.

‘ Yes !’ said he to himself ; ‘ could I but once see clearly into



the hearts of men, my designs would then be certain of success; I should then be armed against deception, might select none but fit instruments, and could reckon upon gathering securely the fruit of my benevolent labours. Yet, hold! to be proof against the illusions of others, is not enough; I must also be guarded against those of my own heart. The being, whom I need, must not only warn me against the hypocrisy and artifices of my fellows, but against the deceitful enthusiasm of love, of friendship, and even of mistaken virtues. I must be enabled to read the human soul, to distinguish the resemblance from the reality, to see before hand the consequences of my own actions and those of others, and to remove from my senses all those deceitful clouds with which sympathy, imagination, and the passions, obscure the sight of men, and misguide their footsteps.

He becomes initiated in the tremendous science, and soon attains the power of commanding such an attendant spirit as he requires, to direct his steps. The first, and indeed every subsequent appearance of this mysterious being, the inhabitant of 'the islands of chillness and of gloom,' is uncommonly striking, and calculated to freeze the reader almost as much as she froze the unfortunate Amorassan. We wish it were in our power in this place to make a much longer extract than any in which we have hitherto indulged ourselves, but our limits forbid us to do more than recommend the sequel of the tale, not to our mere romance-readers only, but to all who can receive delight from an admirable moral conveyed in the form of a very interesting and affecting allegory.

From the moment that Amorassan adopted the intimacy of this *most uncomfortable* companion, he bade farewell to all his happiness. Every scheme of benevolence, every impulse of friendship or generosity, is instantly chilled by the representation of some unforeseen consequence, some probable failure. Compelled to oppose, yet unable to assign his reasons, he loses every hour the confidence and esteem of his prince, and at length becomes the object of his avowed distrust and hatred. Obligated to refuse petitions which every good and warm and honest feeling of his soul would otherwise have urged him to anticipate, because of some future evil which his detestable counsellor points out to him as the probable consequences of granting them, he estranges from him his father, he banishes his brother, he sows hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness among his friends, he causes the death of the most virtuous man in Guzurat whom he meant to serve, and at length brings on his own head disgrace, beggary, and ruin. Even when the cup of his miseries is filled to the utmost measure of despair, still his horrid attendant does not cease to follow him; she now makes him retrace the

whole course of events from the moment of his first invoking her, and then completes her hellish work by pointing out to him the consequences which would have ensued from his actions had they continued to be guided only by the unbiased impulses of his own heart, and only aided by the lights usually vouchsafed to man; the pleasures and the satisfaction, chequered, indeed, and damped but not annihilated, by disappointments; the evil, though great, yet remediable; the good, though slow and imperfect, yet certain and permanent.

The moral of the tale is thus completed,—but the tale itself is not finished; and every reader will rejoice at beholding Amorassan at its conclusion, freed at length from the persecuting fiend, restored to comfort and happiness, and fully contented in the exercise of those virtues and talents which Providence had entrusted to his charge, notwithstanding the imperfection of his instruments, and the uncertainty of his best arrangements.

The conclusion of the Caliph's story may be anticipated from many passages of the interwoven romance. Ben Hafi and the banished Abdallah are the same. The recognition is introduced with uncommon felicity and flows naturally from the preceding tale. The treacherous Mazaffar, who had contrived his disgrace, is banished in his turn from the palace of Bagdad, and the Caliph remains ever after, 'a wiser and a better man' for the tale which he had heard and the events he had witnessed.

We have said nothing hitherto about the several little poetical legends and romances which are interspersed through these volumes. But those of our readers who have seen Mr. Lewis's former poetical productions in 'the Monk,' the 'Tales of Wonder,' and other publications, will know exactly *what kind* of poetry they will meet with here; and we must confess that we have found nothing *so good in its kind*, as to merit our particular notice. 'Oberon's Henchman, or the legend of the three sisters,' is the most considerable of these pieces both for length and merit.—It is founded on the idea of Titania's Indian Boy, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' a personage whom he has translated with some fancy and some pleasing description, to the banks of the Clyde, to 'Bothwell Castle, and Blantyre Priory.'—But, notwithstanding the occasional strokes of imagination and genius discoverable in the poem, we rather fear that the poor little changeling has suffered a great deal from the cold in migrating from Athens to Caledonia.

ART. III.—*An Attempt to prove the Truth of Christianity, from the Wisdom displayed in its original Establishment, and from the History of false and corrupted Systems of Religion in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1808, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. J. Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury. By John Penrose, M.A. of Corpus Christi College. 8vo. Murray, 1808.*

MR. Penrose, the learned and ingenious author of these lectures, tells us in his dedication to the archbishop of Canterbury, that he has 'endeavoured to prove the truth of the Christian religion by an inquiry into the wisdom which was displayed in its first establishment,' and that 'he has taken a line of argument, which he does not recollect to have seen pursued elsewhere;' 'that in the prosecution of this inquiry,' he has 'been led into a series of historical details concerning those teachers of false religions, or of a corrupted christianity, from whose conduct,' he 'thought it most expedient to show that the conduct of Christ himself may be distinguished by infallible criteria.'

In the first part of the first sermon, Mr. Penrose draws a distinction between wisdom and craft; which distinction, he says, furnishes '*an accurate criterion, by which the truth of Christianity may be determined without entering into the question of miracles.*'

'Wisdom and craft,' says Mr. Penrose, 'it has frequently been observed, are principles of distinct nature, and incompatible so far as they are distinct. They differ in the objects to which they are respectively directed, in the means which they employ, and in the results which they are calculated to produce. As the grasp of wisdom is strong and comprehensive, so its aim is permanent success. The views of craft, on the other hand, are limited by actual emergency. Though acute in the discernment, and ingenious in the application of present resources, it ascends not from the contemplation of parts to an enlarged conception of the whole. Wisdom preserves unviolated the precepts of an elevated morality, abstains from every particular expedient of which the general consequence would be prejudicial, and trusts its future though perhaps distant triumph to the undoubted efficacy of truth. Craft less scrupulous in its ambition, is less also in its casuistry; and where an immediate interest may be advanced by politic falsehood, either is not aware of, or does not regard, that certain progress, by which falsehood, though it may prosper for a time, yet terminates eventually in defeat.'

Such is *the accurate criterion*, by which the truth of christianity may be determined, in the opinion of Mr. Penrose.

But this criterion, instead of being accurate appears to us to be indefinite and indistinct. Craft and wisdom are not so easily separable, as Mr. Penrose seems to imagine; nor can the line of partition be easily ascertained.—That they are principles of a distinct nature, we can readily agree; but this distinction is difficult to be traced, and it may elude the notice even of a penetrating observer. Some of the marks of difference, which Mr. Penrose enumerates, are rather adventitious than real; rather temporary than permanent. But can an accurate criterion be drawn from an occasional or fugitive distinction? and above all, can such a criterion be employed to determine the truth of Christianity?

Mr. Penrose says, that wisdom and craft differ in the object of pursuit, in the means which they use to attain it, and in 'the results,' we suppose that he means of good or evil, of happiness or misery, 'which they are calculated to produce.' Now we can conceive circumstances in which wisdom and craft may have a similar object of pursuit, in which they may employ similar means, and in which both may lead to a similar result. Wisdom and craft may centre in the same person, or may alternately sway the volition of the individual. Thus Bonaparte is certainly not destitute either of wisdom, or of craft. He has a copious stock of both. But there are occasions, as in the abolition of feudal servitude in Germany, in which the object of his pursuit, in which the means which he employs, and the results which he produces, are such as wisdom would sanction and philanthropy approve.—If wisdom be seen in the exact adaptation of means to an end, does not craft often as clearly discern the relation between cause and effect?—But the means which wisdom employs to effect its purpose are, it will be said, always moral means;—but has not craft often the sagacity to discern the superior efficacy of such means? Were not religion and morality powerful engines in the state-craft of Mr. Pitt?

Mr. Penrose says that 'the grasp of wisdom is strong and comprehensive,' and that 'its aim is permanent success.' But may not the same thing be predicated of craft, whether in the abstract or the concrete? Are not the conceptions of the crafty Napoleon vigorous? Are not his views extensive? Is not his aim permanent success? Even the mind of Mahomet, though filled with the devices of craft, and, at times, seemingly entangled in a labyrinth of fraud, was nevertheless susceptible of elevated ideas, of mighty projects; and his

aim certainly was not a temporary but a permanent triumph over the credulity of mankind.

'The views of craft,' says Mr. Penrose, 'are limited by actual emergency;' but were the views of Mahomet thus circumscribed? Were the views of Cromwell, the most crafty of mortals, thus confined? Are the views of Bonaparte, who is superlatively crafty, bounded by such a narrow line? When Mr. Penrose says, that wisdom 'preserves unviolated the precepts of an elevated morality, abstains from every particular expedient, of which the general consequence would be prejudicial, and trusts its future, though perhaps distant triumph to the undoubted efficacy of truth,' the characteristic features of wisdom, considered in the scriptural sense, as the combined identity of knowledge and of virtue, is clearly delineated and palpably fixed; but then the true opposite to this wisdom is not craft but folly, which, as a scriptural term, includes the idea of vice. But how is the distinction between wisdom and folly, or between virtue and vice, to supply 'an accurate criterion,' by which the truth of Christianity may be determined? If, by the *truth* of Christianity, Mr. Penrose mean its divine original, we do not see how that can be proved without having recourse to the evidence of the miracles. By not making the credibility of the miracles a part of his argument, Mr. P. has rendered the whole inconclusive and unsatisfactory.

If Mr. Penrose had designed merely to prove the truth of the Christian doctrine, considered as a system of morals, harmonizing with that succession of causes and effects in the providential government of the world, which make virtue the interest of man considered both in his individual capacity and in the aggregate of nations, the criterion, which he has adopted, would have been better suited for the purpose. But if Mr. Penrose regard the Christian doctrine, not as the product of the reflective wisdom of man, but as the *supernatural communication of the Deity himself*, without any choice of intermediate causation, the proof must rest on the miraculous powers with which the founder supported his pretension to a heavenly mission; and by which he shewed that his doctrine was derived from the supreme intelligence. The truth of the Christian doctrine considered as an assemblage of moral precepts is by no means involved in the reality of the miracles; for the doctrine, which is adapted to the nature of man, and to the circumstances in which he is placed, would be true even though the miracles could be proved to be false. But, when the Christian doctrine is asserted to be a supernatural communication, then its beneficial tendency,



or its congruity with the nature of man, and the state of the world, is not *alone* sufficient to establish the affirmation. For a miraculous communication can be known only by miraculous proof. The doctrine itself furnishes indeed to the wise and good ample proof of its own truth, and that truth exists independent of miracles; yet, who will assert that the *divine original* of Christianity is independent of any *miraculous attestation*? The moral deductions in Mr. Wollaston's religion of nature are true; are in perfect harmony with those laws which God has appointed for the conduct of his rational creatures; but are we hence to infer that these deductions were formed by supernatural assistance? If Mr. Wollaston had said that his moral theory was a divine communication, we should have said, Sir, your ethics, though very good, will not prove this without the additional evidence of miracles. When, therefore, Mr. Penrose pretends to have discovered an *accurate criterion* by which to discover the truth of Christianity *without the aid of miracles*, he appears to us to have undertaken a hopeless task; and though he certainly discovers a considerable share of erudition and ability in his sermons, yet we will venture to assert that they will not convert one sceptic, nor add one believer to the Christian fold.

We will now produce a few specimens of the style and matter of these sermons. The following is from the first sermon, in which the author shows the wisdom of Christ in furnishing only a general idea of a future state, without any descriptive particularities.

‘The doctrine of a future state of retribution forms almost a necessary part of every system of popular and profane theology. It was prudent, but at the same time it was extremely natural, for the Author of Christianity to introduce it into his own. His wisdom is obvious, not so much in the introduction of the doctrine as in the simplicity with which it is represented. A more ignorant or short-sighted impostor would, it is probable, not only have borrowed the opinions, but have adorned them also with the superstitions of mythology. He would have delighted to enumerate in detail the pleasures of his visionary elysium, or would have aggravated the horrors of his Tartarus with the wheel of Ixion, or the rock of Sisyphus. Christ, however, seems to have foreseen, that the grossness of such fabulous representations would not long be able to resist the acuteness of sceptical criticism; and he judged wisely in expressly announcing the existence, but in leaving the particular circumstances and condition of a future state to continue in their natural obscurity.’

In this passage Mr. Penrose has, though no doubt from inadvertence, represented Christianity as a human system

rather than one of divine original. Thus, he says, 'it was *prudent*, but at the same time natural,' &c. as if Christ were governed by any thing like *prudential* calculation in the doctrines which he admitted into his system. '*A more ignorant and short-sighted impostor*,' &c. as if the author of Christianity were a *less ignorant and short-sighted impostor*; or at least ignorant and short-sighted in some degree. Mr. Penrose should have written 'An ignorant and short-sighted impostor.' 'Christ seems to have foreseen that the grossness of such fabulous representations would not long be able to resist the acuteness of sceptical criticism, and he judged wisely,' &c. This is put as if Christ made such representations no part of his system, not because he knew them to be false, but because he 'seems to have foreseen' that they would be penetrated 'by the acuteness of sceptical criticism.' Mr. Penrose certainly did not intend this inference, but it necessarily follows from the incorrect manner in which he has expressed himself on the occasion. For Mr. Penrose is not in the above passage talking of Christ hypothetically as an impostor, but he is expressly contrasting his character with that of an impostor, and shewing that his system exhibits no traces of imposition.

We were pleased with the following remarks. The characters of ability, which are distinguishable in the author of Christianity,

'Are all indicative of enlarged, not of temporary policy; not conducive to its immediate establishment, though necessary to its permanence. To the personal greatness or the personal pleasure of its promulgator, they are not favourable, but repugnant. The general principles indeed of our nature extend to all places and operate throughout all ages. They existed in Judea at the time of Christ, and we doubt not but that Christianity was conformable to and congenial with them even there. On the whole, also, the efficacy of these general principles is stronger, because it is more lasting than that of particular impulses or motives, which are limited to peculiar cases. Still their immediate efficacy is not so great; in the same manner as reason, though eventually more powerful, is always less violent than prejudice. But an impostor, as will be proved, must chiefly consult the immediate efficacy of the principles which he employs. Christ, however, consulted uniformly the general result rather than the immediate; he always rejected partial success for permanent, whenever they were inconsistent with each other.'

In the third sermon, in which Mr. Penrose endeavours to prove the truth of the Mosaic and Christian systems from the exclusion of every species of superstitious mixture, and

of idolatrous adoration, we meet with many judicious and acute remarks, which evince a reflective and discriminating mind.

'Religion is intended,' says Mr. Penrose, 'not for perfect beings but for weak and fallible men. As the work of a wise God, it must be suited therefore to human imperfection. The Jewish institution was addressed to an age and nation probably inferior in moral powers, and certainly in enlightened intellect, to those to which Christianity is proposed. It bears undoubted marks of a more extensive indulgence to the passions; it appeals less forcibly to the reason of mankind. Its lustrations, its sacrifices, and its pomp were, doubtless, accommodations to the weakness of human nature. So also in a less degree, may be the positive institutions of Christianity. These accommodations to human weakness may vary with the varying circumstances of mankind, and it may be impossible to determine with precision the bounds of their propriety, while differing only in degree, they are the same in kind. Yet one distinction at least is obvious and indubitable. The true God can never have authorized any of his ministers to countenance idolatry. On this ground the question may most fairly be brought to issue: on this ground rests the main argument by which it is here endeavoured to confirm the evidence of our religion.'

But if the 'main argument' by which the evidence of Christianity may be confirmed, exists, as Mr. P. intimates in the last sentence of the above quotation, on the total exclusion of idolatrous superstitions, Mahometanism may, with equal justness lay claim to a divine original; for the koran certainly inculcates the unity of the godhead with at least as much constancy as the gospel, and is as hostile to the admission of any idolatrous rites. Mr. Penrose, however, says in the next page, that he does not unreservedly pronounce that the internal evidence of a religion is solely to be determined by the absence or admission of idolatry. But if '*the main argument*' in confirmation of the truth either of Judaism or of Christianity '*rests on this ground*,' that argument will avail little, for it belongs to systems which are confessedly of human contrivance.

Mr. Penrose says, page 63, that 'the excesses of superstition must destroy equally with idolatry itself, the credit of the religion by which they are avowed.' 'If,' adds he, 'they are to be found in Christianity, Christianity must be incapable of defence.' But still he goes on to tell us that there may be particular superstitions, or modes of superstition, 'the inconsistency of which with the divine attributes is merely doubtful,' and which may not be excluded even from a system, of which God is the author, when they are suited to the genius of the people, or are ac-

commodated to particular exigencies. But can we admit this without ascribing to God a *temporizing spirit*, which belongs only to man?

'Some *compliances*,' says Mr. P. '*with particular circumstances* may, even in a teacher of religion, be compatible with truth.' It is not quite clear to us what our Bamptonian theologian means by these '*compliances with particular circumstances*,' but the context leads us to suppose that he intends the admission of certain superstitious errors. We do not see how such admission can ever be considered in any other light than as deviations from truth; and how can deviations from truth be compatible with a system of truth? If a human teacher of inviolable probity could not without the imputation of falsehood sanction any assertions that are not true, or any religious observances that are tinged with superstition or with erroneous notions of the Deity, much less could this be expected in the founder of a system not of earthly but of heavenly extraction, whose mind the Deity himself had cleared from the mists of error, and illumined with the unspotted radiance of truth.

Mr. P. contends that the ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual were intended in many cases in which they are the least easy to be explained, not so much for offices of worship as for a method of instruction.

'Much gesticulation,' says he, 'is always to be observed among people who possess not a copious language, and is necessary, perhaps, to determine the meaning of such words as bear numerous significations. At the period of the Mosaic dispensation, written language was doubtless in its infancy; the language which was spoken must consequently have been imperfect, as we know indeed, to have been the case with the more ancient dialects of the East. What may be denominated the language of action must therefore have borne a considerable share in the general converse of mankind, particularly in those warmer climates, where the manners as well as the feelings are more impassioned than they who have no intercourse with any but the inhabitants of northern Europe can easily conceive.'

The following remark is very judicious, and proves that the enlightened mind of Mr. P. is no advocate for the *typical* application of the Mosaic ceremonies to the various occurrences in the history of Christ.

'The sprinkling of blood upon the unclean, and of the water of separation, which we now, *interpreting by the event*, suppose to have had a general reference to the future blood-shedding and mediation of the Saviour, might be adapted to excite a more definite expectation

in those for whom they were appointed than the same dark ceremonies would convey to us.'

'Man, even now,' says Mr. P. 'is far too imperfect to be able to render to his Creator a worship strictly pure, a homage genuine and without alloy. There is no doubt but that Christianity itself is accommodated to the manifold infirmities of our nature.'

The only homage, genuine and without alloy, which man can render to his maker, is that of undeviating obedience to his will. But though, in this probationary state, man is not likely ever to offer this moral uniformity of worship to his creator, yet he is not the less required to make the attempt; and to labour after the perfection which he cannot reach. In this respect there is nothing like *temporizing compliance*, nor accommodating facility in the precepts of Christianity. The whole substance of the worship which Christ requires is contained in these words, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.' But this is 'worship strictly pure, homage genuine and without alloy;' and in this there is no compromise with human infirmity, no accommodation to the gross conceptions of man.

We do not think that the *orthodox* will thank Mr. Penrose for the following remarks:

'It is injudicious as well as unnecessary to claim for every part of the conduct of the apostles the praise of an *exact propriety*. It is not to be contended that they always acted under the influence of a continued inspiration. For Christ alone seems to have been reserved by the divine appointment the prerogative of an unerring judgment equally as of a sinless life. If Paul withstood Peter to the face, *either Peter must have been incorrect, or Paul mistaken*. The precise limits of a lawful accommodation to Jewish principles and opinions, it may be impossible correctly to define; and *where the apostles differed, the most adventurous theologian of modern times can scarcely venture to decide*.'

In his 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th sermons Mr. P. gives a succinct account of the rise, progress, principles, conduct, and suppression of the Jesuits; and he has thrown into the notes many curious details which could not aptly have been introduced into the body of the sermons. On the whole, though we differ from Mr. P. in some of his views and inferences, yet we have perused his discourses with considerable satisfaction, and think that in point of liberality of sentiment and variety of erudition, they may vie with the productions of most of the Bamptonian theologues which we have perused.



ART. IV.—*Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq. F.R.S. Author of Travels to discover the Source of the Nile in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773. By Alexander Murray, F.A.S.E. and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. 4to. Longman. 1808.*

MR. Bruce deserves a high, if not the highest place, among the travellers of modern times. In enterprize and courage he has been surpassed by none, and it will be difficult to name a superior in the successful execution of what he attempted. The countries which he visited lay entirely out of the common track of Europeans, and though more than thirty years have now elapsed since he visited Abyssinia, not one traveller has retraced his steps, nor penetrated into that country. When the travels of Mr. Bruce were first published many of his details were called in question, but subsequent inquiries, as far as they have been carried, have rather strengthened than invalidated the opinion of his veracity.

The present account of the life and writings of Mr. Bruce was prefixed to the edition of his travels, which was published in 1805; but it is here reprinted with considerable additions and emendations. Besides the life there is an appendix which constitutes by far the largest part of the volumes, and contains a great variety of matter. We shall reserve this for a separate article.

James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was born at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling, in Scotland, on the 14th of December, 1730. His mother died while he was an infant. Of his early years but little is remembered, except that his constitution and temper, which were afterwards athletic, impetuous, and irascible, were originally delicate, gentle, and quiescent. Mr. Bruce was entered at Harrow in January, 1742, and he left it in May, 1746. At Harrow Mr. Bruce is said to have made a considerable proficiency in classical literature. After leaving Harrow he spent near a year in the academy of a Mr. Gordon, where in addition to his classics he studied French, arithmetic, and geometry, and made himself master of some of those elegant accomplishments, which are much prized in fashionable life, but which were destined to promote his safety by exciting the wonder of the barbarians in distant regions.

Mr. Bruce returned to Scotland in May 1747, when he acquired a predilection for the sports of the field, which he retained to the close of life. When he was consul at Algiers he badhounds sent him from England, some of which

he carried with him into Asia. He was originally designed for the profession of an advocate at the Scottish bar ; but he never made much proficiency in the study of the law, and he soon relinquished it for other views more congenial to his enterprizing genius.

He came to London in 1753, in order to solicit the permission of the Court of Directors to settle as a free trader under the patronage of the East India Company. In London he became an intimate in the family of a Mrs. Allan, the widow of an eminent wine-merchant, who had a beautiful and accomplished daughter named Adriana, who soon attracted the tender regards of Mr. Bruce. On the 3d of February, 1754, she became his wife ; but a consumption carried her to the grave in the October following, at Paris, whither she had proceeded with her husband in her way to the south of France.

‘The bigotry of the Popish religion,’ says the author, ‘contributed to embitter the close of this melancholy scene. From an excess of zeal the clergy in the enlightened metropolis of France delighted, as late as 1754, to persecute the last moments of a dying heretic. With similar illiberality they were accustomed to prevent the interment of the remains in consecrated ground. Mr. Bruce would have suffered from the violence of both these prejudices, if the English ambassador had not extended his protection to the family, and claimed for it the privileges due to himself and his retinue. Under this protection, Mrs. Bruce died undisturbed by the clamours of fanatics ; but her funeral could not be conducted in a public manner. At midnight, between the 11th and 12th of October, Mr. Bruce stole a grave for his wife in the burying-ground assigned to the English embassy, and there saw all his happiness laid in the earth. He left Paris immediately after the ceremony, frantic with grief, and travelled during the remainder of that night, one of the most tempestuous that had ever been known, towards Boulogne, which he reached on the following day. Fatigue, abstinence, and sorrow, threw him into a fever, which detained him at that place nearly a week. As soon as he was able he embarked for England ; to which he returned solitary, in ill health, and in deep melancholy, from the most unhappy journey which it was ever his lot to perform.’

We have quoted the above, because it proves that Mr. Bruce, whatever sturdy qualities he might possess, was not deficient in sensibility. After the melancholy occurrence just mentioned, Mr. Bruce, who on his marriage had engaged in the wine trade, found his ardour for business cool, and he had recourse to literary pursuits in order to divert his attention and soothe his regret. He applied himself to the

study of the modern languages; he improved his skill in drawing; and enlarged that stock of qualifications which contributed so much to the advantage of his future travels. In 1757, Mr. Bruce visited Portugal and Spain, and he passed through Holland in the following year. By the death of his father in May, 1758, he succeeded to the family estate. This event did not incline him to a life of pleasurable indolence.

‘He had collected in Holland most of the books published by the Dutch and Italians on oriental literature. The labours of Erpenius, Golius, Schultens, and Maracci, opened his way to a knowledge of the Arabic, now the learned language of great part of Asia and Africa. The same curiosity which had led him to study a branch of learning little connected with European knowledge, induced him to examine in the works of Ludolf, the Ethiopic or Geez; a circumstance which perhaps determined him to explore the sources of the Nile.’

About this time the establishment of the iron-works at Carron, in the neighbourhood of his estate, proved a considerable addition to his fortune. In 1761, he relinquished the wine business, which he had hitherto conducted with Mr. Allan, and in February, 1762, he was appointed agent and consul-general at Algiers. In the June of the same year he quitted England, and passed through France and Italy. Before he proceeded to his destination at Algiers, he had leisure to spend a considerable time in surveying the antiquities, paintings and other curiosities in Italy. He at the same time improved himself in drawing, and had his taste refined by a critical examination of the best models of ancient and modern art.

Mr. Bruce arrived at Algiers on the 20th of March, 1763. He had previously made himself master of the written Arabic: but he resolved to acquire a knowledge of that language as it is spoken in Barbary, that he might be able to carry on his official communications with the ministers of the Dey without the aid of an interpreter. Mr. B. found the divan or council divided into two parties, at the one of which was the Aga Mahomet, the brother of the Dey. This latter party was most favourable to the English interest; but the former, with the Dey at its head, was displeased at the commercial privileges which were enjoyed by the English above the other Christian states. In the intestine discord which prevailed on this occasion, Mr. Bruce conducted himself with great prudence and firmness; and if the representations of his situation, which he sent to the British cabinet, had received the attention which they deserved, a singular triumph

might have been obtained over the violence of the piratical state.

'It had been customary at Algiers to make the consuls of other European powers on occasions when they became obnoxious, to draw the stone-cart, and to subject their servants to the bastinado. Mr. Bruce was saved from this disgraceful sentence by the influence of the Aga's party; but received orders to leave the country in three days under pain of death.'

But a sudden change in the Divan made them alter this resolution, and Mr. Bruce remained till his successor arrived.

Mr. Bruce sailed for Tunis on the 25th of August, 1765, along the African coast by Ras El Hamra, Tabarca, and Bona. He examined the ruins of Utica and Carthage; and at Tunis he obtained permission from the Bey to travel through his dominions in any direction he might please. Mr. Bruce was well qualified to undertake this journey, and he possessed numerous facilities for the purpose.

'He was perfectly acquainted with the Moorish language and character. To assist him in drawing he had procured from Rome a young Bolognese architect and painter called Luigi Balugani. Under Mr. Bruce's direction he became an expert and able draughtsman. The number of drawings which they executed together is indeed surprizing. They delineated the ruins of all the ancient cities in the north of Africa, of Balbec and Palmyra, besides many articles in natural history in a manner which the best judges have honoured with their approbation. Part of their labours was facilitated by the use of a camera obscura which Mr. Bruce had procured from London, along with astronomical instruments, for the purpose of ascertaining the geography of the country.'

Mr. Bruce proceeded from Tunis to Tripoly, across the wide sandy deserts which separate the two states. He was attacked by some Arab horsemen on the way; whom he did not repulse till four of his attendants had fallen in the conflict. Mr. Bruce returned to Tunis, by the coast of the Lesser Syrtis. Here he remained till August, 1766, when he proceeded by the way of Sfax and Gerba again to Tripoly. He crossed the gulph of Sidra to Bengazi, a city founded by the Ptolemies, where he found that the independent Arabs near the town had occasioned a famine by their mutual devastation. The Bey allowed Mr. Bruce to pass into the interior.

'He found nothing remarkable at Barca or Arsino. At Ras Sern he had the satisfaction of disproving an improbable story common in Africa, and circulated in England' by Tripoline ambassa-

dors. It had been asserted that a city existed in that place, the inhabitants of which had been all petrified by a special judgment of heaven. They were described to the great amazement of the credulous, as still visible, fixed in the several attitudes, and at the different employments in which they were overtaken by the divine vengeance.'

Mr. Bruce finding any farther excursions to the eastern coast of Africa impeded by the suspected hostility of the Bey of Bengazi, and by the famine and pestilence which had prevailed at Dura, embarked in a small Greek vessel for the island of Crete. But he was obliged to put back in a storm: and was shipwrecked near Ptolometa, the ancient Ptolemais.

'Mr. Bruce swam ashore with great difficulty and was cruelly treated by the Arabs while he lay in a state of insensibility on the beach.'

After a detention of about two months he succeeded in reaching Crete, in a small French vessel, and was kindly received by M. Amoureux, the French consul at Canea. In the summer of 1767, he arrived on the coast of Phenicia. Here he was indebted to M. Clarembaut and the French merchants, who were settled there, for numerous civilities. His biographer says, that at this place and at Aleppo which he afterwards visited, he spent some of the happiest moments of his life. Sidon, which was celebrated for its commerce in the earliest periods of antiquity, and to which the Greeks were originally indebted for their letters and their arts, exhibits no vestiges of its former grandeur and importance.

'Its principal manufacture is silk, which the inhabitants raise in the gardens around the town. By imprudently sleeping all night in the tents erected in them for the convenience of the manufacturers, Mr. Bruce relapsed into the ague and fever which had seized him in Africa. He was confined several weeks, but as soon as his strength returned he amused himself with short excursions to Mount Libanus, and other places in the vicinity of Sidon, well known in ancient history, but not remarkable at present. On the 29th of July, 1767, he was at Paneas, one of the sources of the river Jordan, where he found the papyrus growing in the marsh in that place.'

On the 19th of September Mr. Bruce arrived at Balbec, whither he was incited to proceed by curiosity to behold, and by an ardent desire to delineate, the ruins of that ancient city, where the Sun, under the name of Baal, 'the king of



heaven,' had been worshipped before the dawn of history. Like Palmyra, Balbec was

'probably one of the stations of the Indian trade, and owed its consequence and support to that circumstance. The ruins of the temples have suffered greatly from time and other injuries. Mr. Bruce delineated every thing that deserved attention in them; being fully at leisure and unmolested.'

Having finished his operations at Balbec, Mr. Bruce set out in a few weeks for Palmyra.

'He proceeded by Hassia and Cariateen, under the protection of the Shekh of Hassia, which is situated on the western border of the desert. Having travelled about sixty miles through the sandy wilderness without intermission day or night, he and his company on the morning of the 19th of October reached the top of the adjoining eminence, from which travellers obtain the first view of Palmyra. From this hill they descried, with all the astonishment naturally excited by a sight so remarkable, the remains of the city of Zenobia, perhaps the most magnificent in the world. Though time and violence have greatly impaired its original beauties, Palmyra still appears to be one of the most splendid works of human industry and genius that ever have been abandoned to solitude, desolation, and ruin.'

'Mr. Bruce divided the whole into six angular views, bringing into the fore-ground of each a principal edifice or groupe of columns. The state of the buildings was favourable for this method; the soil on which the town is built being hard, and the columns uncovered to the base. He made in all thirteen large drawings, which, along with those of Balbec, he presented on his return to the king.'

At Aleppo Mr. Bruce became acquainted with Dr. Patric Russel, physician to the English factory, and author of a treatise on the plague. From him Mr. B. derived considerable knowledge respecting the diseases of the east, and the best mode of treating them, which he found very useful in the character of physician, which he assumed on his travels. Mr. Bruce embarked from Sidon for Alexandria in June, 1768, as he had now formed a resolution which had before often occupied his mind, of inspecting the antiquities of Egypt, and of penetrating from thence into Abyssinia, and discovering the source of the Nile, which has been called an achievement worthy of the ambition of kings. When Mr. Bruce represented his design to the French merchants at Cairo, to whom he had been recommended by his friends in the Levant, they were astonished at the temerity of the attempt, but

\* offered to assist him in it to the utmost of their power. In order that the government might not be prejudiced against him, by insinuations, he gave out that he was going to India, and seldom appeared in public except in the disguise of a dervish who was skilled in magic, and cared for nothing but study.'

The supreme power in Egypt was at this time in the hands of the celebrated Ali Bey, to whom Mr. Bruce was introduced by Maalem Risk, a pretender to astrology, and who had conceived a strong predilection for our traveller from the sight of his astronomical apparatus. Mr. Bruce soon acquired the confidence and favour of the Bey 'by his superior skill in medicine and prophecy.' In December, 1768, Mr. B. proceeded on his voyage up the Nile, having procured letters of recommendation to the governors, &c. of the principal places on his route to Abyssinia. At Thebes

'he visited the caves in the adjacent mountain, which were called the tombs of the kings, but seem to have been the common burial-place of the city. The banditti, who live in these sepulchres, obliged him to cross the Nile at midnight to Luxor, where he was well received by the governor.'

Mr. Bruce arrived at Shekh Ammer, implored the protection of Nimmer, the chief of the Ababde Arabs; the old Shekh, who was very grateful for some medicines which Mr. Bruce had sent him from Furshout, rose from his couch, and lifting his emaciated hand, pronounced a curse on any of the tribe who should injure him. He then summoned his people to the tent, and concluded the covenant of friendship between them and his physician. After inspecting the cataracts at Syene, Mr. Bruce returned down the river to Kenne, which he left February 16, 1769, with the caravan for Cosseir on the Red Sea. From Cosseir Mr. Bruce made an excursion up the coast of the Red Sea to 'Tibbel Zunned,' the emerald mine, described by Pliny and other writers.

Mr. Bruce next proceeded to Tor, a village at the bottom of the gulph, not far from Mount Sinai, from whence he sailed to Jidda, where the English have a factory, from which the East India company usually disperses its manufactures over the adjoining countries.

'Mr. Bruce, whose appearance made no impression in his favour, was driven from the gate of the factory by one of his countrymen and relations, who mistook him for a vagrant; but he was received with great kindness and compassion by Captain Thornhill, of the Bengal Merchant. In the mean time, Yousef Cabil, governor of Jidda, having taken the liberty of examining his baggage, was surprised to find in it a number of valuable presents, and letters written

by persons of the highest dignity, particularly a firman from the Sublime Porte, a letter to the Khan of Tartary, and several others from Ali Bey, addressed to the Sheriffe of Mecca, to his minister Metical Aga, and to Yousef Cabil himself. The style of these letters alarmed the governor. He came immediately to the factory to inquire about the English nobleman, recommended by the Grand Seignior and Ali Bey, and was astonished to find him sitting under a shed in the habit of a Turkish sailor. A good understanding was instantly established with Yousef; the English gentlemen used their whole influence to promote Mr. Bruce's designs, and every head was employed in procuring letters of the most effective kind from the Sheriffe of Mecca to the governor of Masuah, the king of Abyssinia, and his general and prime minister Michael Subul.\*

Abyssinia was at this time very difficult of access to foreigners, not only from the detestation in which the name of Frank was held, from an impolitic attempt of the Portuguese Jesuits in the 17th century to change the mode of worship of the Greek church of Alexandria to that of the Roman Catholic, but from the three powerful factions by which the whole country was at that time agitated with the most furious broils.

In September, 1769, Mr. Bruce arrived at Masuah. The first audience which he had of the Naybe of the place was very discouraging. The Naybe demanded an enormous present of Mr. Bruce, which the latter refused to give. The Naybe endeavoured to frighten him into compliance; but, finding this unsuccessful, he had him accused of sorcery, and was even charged with having caused

\* a comet which was then visible at Masuah. Many of the soldiers supported these accusations: and had it not been for his own firmness and the interference of the Sardar, (commander) of the Janizaries, Mr. Bruce would have been murdered on the spot.

After this

‘ the Naybe sent a party to murder Mr. Bruce; but they had no courage to make an attack on him, being terrified for his fire-arms.’

By the assistance of Ahmed, the nephew of the Naybe, who was indignant at the conduct of his uncle, Mr. Bruce succeeded in passing the stupendous range of mountains that separate Abyssinia from the Red Sea. The toil and fatigue of the journey were increased by the heavy baggage, to which Mr. Bruce's astronomical instruments made a large addition. At Hadawi, a village in Abyssinia, Mr. Bruce was met by a deputy from Michael, a ferocious chieftain of about seventy years of age, who was governor of Tigré, the

province of Abyssinia nearest to Arabia, and who secretly aspired to the government of the whole kingdom.

‘He had spent fifty years of his life in humbling every individual of consequence in Tigré; and his house at Adowa contained no fewer than three hundred persons, all in irons, and most of them kept like wild beasts in cages, for the purpose of extorting money from them.’

Having passed Axum, which was built by the Ptolemies, and was formerly the metropolis of Abyssinia, the caravan proceeded through the province of Siré, and entered Woggora. At a place called Kossogné, they first had a view of the capital of Gondar, or

‘rather of the king’s palace, for the other houses were hid by the trees which grow in the town, and give it at a distance the appearance of a forest.’

Aylo Aylo, an Abyssinian nobleman of considerable influence, ‘hearing that a white man had come to Gondar, paid Mr. Bruce a visit, and undertook to introduce him at court, which was then held at Koslam, about a mile from Gondar.’ Aylo introduced him to the Iteghé or queen dowager, the first person of her sex in Abyssinia, and universally more revered than the king himself. Michael

‘had changed the order of succession by placing first her husband’s brother, and then his nephew on the throne. She was, however, much respected by the king, and had considerable influence with Michael, who had married her daughter the Princess Esther.’

At this time the small-pox raged like the plague in Gondar and the vicinity; and Mr. Bruce established himself in favour at court by curing some of the royal family, who were attacked by this loathsome disease.

‘During his attendance on the children he became acquainted with the queen’s daughter, Ozoro Esther, at that time wife to the Ras, but who had been twice married before, and had children alive by both husbands. Her son, Ayto Corfu, a promising young man, to whom Mr. Bruce had conceived an attachment at first sight, took the small-pox, and recovered very slowly. Mr. Bruce was not wanting in attention to Corfu. He removed to an apartment leading to his chamber, and waited on him constantly. The princess was equally careful. She could neither eat nor sleep; but watched him all night in fear and anxiety. As it was not proper for the physician to leave such a nurse without company, a particular friendship commenced between them, which continued till their last interview, and greatly advanced Mr. Bruce’s interest at court.’

In the first interview which Mr. Bruce had with Michael his reception was not very flattering. The first spectacle which the *Ras* exhibited after his arrival at Gondar was

'the pulling out of the eyes of a number of Galla officers, whom he had taken in war, after which he turned them out in the fields to perish by famine and the wild beasts.'

Michael hearing of Mr. Bruce's skill in horsemanship, resolved to make him 'Palambaras, or master of the horse, an office of great honour and emolument,' which he declined. The *Ras* then appointed him a Baalomaal, or sort of lord in waiting on the king, and commander of a body of cavalry belonging to the household. Mr. Bruce besides obtained other marks of favour and distinction.

During the distractions which prevailed at Gondar, from which Michael had fled to avoid being attacked by the governors of Begemder and Amihara, Mr. Bruce set out on a romantic and dangerous excursion to Saccala or Geesh, the seat of the sources of the Nile. He was accompanied only by a few servants, and under no protection. In his way he fell in with the army of Fasil, general of the Galla, who

'gave Mr. Bruce a guide called Shulaker Woldo, a person of authority in that country, and a horse, which he desired him not to mount but to drive before him till he came to Saccala.'

When they reached the district called Saccala, Mr. Bruce observed that the Nile was dwindled into a scanty brook.

'Woldo pointed with his finger to the marsh which contains the springs of the Nile, and retired into the village of Geesh, leaving his master to indulge his enthusiasm.'

'Mr. Bruce ran down to the grassy spot, where he observed two or three fountains of different sizes, some of which were inclosed within a mound of sod, the work of the Agas, who have long worshipped the river, and still continue to pay adoration to it at these sources. The joy which he felt at contemplating an object unknown to the ancients, and which, as he conceived, had been hitherto seen by no European, was great, but momentary and transient. The dangers and sufferings which he had already undergone, and those which probably might terminate in the most fatal manner this romantic journey, presented themselves to his imagination, and quite overwhelmed him with despondency and sorrow.'

When Mr. Bruce returned to Gondar, he found that city the scene of the most unrelenting proscription and massacre.



Michael and the king had re-entered the city in triumph, and had begun to inflict the most cruel vengeance on their enemies.

‘ Hundreds were hanged in the public square, and their bodies left unburied to be eaten by the dogs and the hyenas. Blood was spilt like water till the middle of the following month. The courts were filled with carcases, which the natives neither wished nor dared to remove.’

Mr. Bruce, who had now accomplished the grand object of his travels, was anxious to quit this scene of woe. After considerable delay he obtained permission from the king to return home.

‘ He set out from Koscam on the 26th of December, 1771, attended by three Greeks, one of whom had been his servant since his departure from Cairo, and another, called Georges, was infirm and nearly blind. The rest of his party consisted of an old Turkish janizary, who had come to Habbesh in the escort of the Abuna, a Copt who left him at Sennaar, and a few common servants, who took charge of the mules.’

At Sennaar Mr. B. was for four months detained in a state of jeopardy by the king, who contrived several attempts against his life. But the violence of the monarch was in some degree restrained by the friendship of Ahsined, governor of the household, and a relation of the royal family, a person whose office it was, by the constitution of that barbarous monarchy, to murder his sovereign when the welfare of the state required it.

On leaving Gooz, where the Tacazze mingles its waters with those of the Nile, Mr. B. entered on an immense desert of near five hundred miles in extent, which reaches nearly as far as Syene. He left Gooz on the 9th of November, with a company of not more than fourteen persons, only eight of whom were effective and well armed. A caravan which had taken this rout a little while before Mr. Bruce set out, had been attacked by the Bushareen Arabs, who murdered them all to the number of ninety persons. Mr. Bruce saw their dead bodies scattered in the desert. Mr. Bruce had but one person in his train who possessed any knowledge of the way. They were twice involved in the purple haze of the simoom; and when they arrived at Saffieha, a place about forty miles from Syene, even their camels, overcome with hunger and fatigue, could proceed no farther. Mr. Bruce was now reduced to the very brink of despair. His distress was aggravated by the prospect of losing all his drawings, journals,

and every memorandum of his travels. After leaving Safiehah, Mr. Bruce parted from his company in order to inspect a small eminence, when his ears were gratified by the sound of the Nile; and a flight of river birds added to the conviction that the river was near. This discovery was heard by his companions with loud acclamations of joy: and they were soon after refreshed by the shade of a grove of palm trees to the north of Syene. The aga or Turkish governor of the garrison 'received Mr. B. with kindness, and supplied him with money and necessaries.' On the 10th of January, 1773, Mr. Bruce arrived at Cairo; he was at Alexandria in the beginning of March, whence he embarked on board a vessel for Marseilles. There the celebrated Buffon, M. Guys, and many other persons came to congratulate him on his return. Having resided some time in the south of France for the recovery of his health, he repaired to Paris, where he experienced a very flattering reception. He did not return to England till June. He had been absent from his native country for the long space of twelve years. During the same period few persons have traversed more remote or inhospitable regions, few have encountered more hardships, more dangers, more privations, and more toils.

He made but little progress in preparing his papers for publication for nearly twelve years after his return; and perhaps the task would have been ultimately relinquished if the death of his second wife in 1785, had not obliged him to seek the solace of literary employment.

'Mr. Bruce, when once engaged in any undertaking,' says Mr. Murray, 'was eager and indefatigable. The greatest part of the work was finished before 1788, and submitted to the inspection of the Hon. Daines Barrington, and some other friends alike eminent for their literary talents and their high station in life. It was printed at Edinburgh, and thence transmitted to London, where it was published by the Robinsons in 1790, in five volumes 4to, under the title of *'Travels to discover the Source of the Nile in the years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773.*

'Mr. Bruce's knowledge of the ancient languages,' says Mr. Murray, 'was sufficient for the purposes of reading and research, but he had not been trained to the drudgery of verbal criticism and minute classical information. In the heat of controversy, he sometimes mistakes the sense of the author whom he quotes, and this has yielded an imaginary triumph over his writings, to the commentators and critics on the continent, who ridiculously call in question his moral character, and the general merits of his work, because he has misinterpreted a passage of Herodotus or Strabo.

'Though his journals were in general copious, he too often omit-

ted to consult them, trusting to the extent and accuracy of his recollection. At the distance of fifteen years, a part of so many incidents must have been effaced from the most tenacious memory. Before he composed his narrative, his mind had begun to suffer from the indolence natural to his time of life. He was not sensible that, by relying with too great security on his memory he was in danger of confounding dates, actions, and circumstances, which might have been easily rectified by his papers. To this inattention must be imputed those particular inconsistencies which have been unjustly ascribed to his vanity or want of veracity.

‘As a writer, Mr. Bruce’s style is in general simple, manly, and unaffected. If, in some instances, it be deficient in purity, owing to his national habits, and mean opinion of the mechanical part of writing, it has the merit of being his own, an advantage often denied to the narratives of other travellers. He received no assistance from literary men, and imitated no favourite author. He is sometimes diffuse and prolix in the theoretical parts of his work, but his narrative is always well written. His descriptions are animated; his expressions are often much more appropriate and happy than occur on similar occasions in the works of writers who have enjoyed every opportunity of study and practice. There are, perhaps, more sublime passages in his travels, executed under the immediate impulse of genius, than are to be found in any other book of the kind. The character of Ras Michael has been pronounced genuine, because it is such as no writer could have invented since the time of Shakespeare. It may be added, that it requires no common abilities to describe a character, which the imagination of Shakespeare alone could have equalled in the department of fiction.’

The death of Mr. Bruce was occasioned by the following accident:

‘On Saturday the 26th day of April, 1794, having entertained some company at Kinnaird, as he was going down stairs, about eight o’clock in the evening, to hand a lady into a carriage, his foot slipped, and he fell down headlong from about the sixth or seventh step to the ground. He was taken up in a state of apparent insensibility, with no marks of contusion, one of his hands only appearing a little hurt. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but with no success. Though, some hours after the accident happened, there appeared symptoms of recovery, they gradually vanished, and he expired early the next morning.’

We shall close the present article with the following account of Mr. Bruce’s person and character:

‘Mr. Bruce’s stature was six feet four inches: his person was large and well proportioned; and his strength correspondent to his size and stature. In his youth he possessed much activity; but, in

the latter part of his life, he became corpulent; though, when he chose to exert himself, the effects of time were not perceptible. The colour of his hair was a kind of dark red; his complexion was sanguine; and the features of his face elegantly formed. The general tone of his voice was loud and strong, but his articulation was sometimes careless and indistinct. His walk was stately; his air noble and commanding. He was attentive to his dress, and was particularly successful in wearing that of the nations through which he passed in an easy and graceful manner, to which he was indebted in part for his good reception, especially in Abyssinia.

The leading qualities of his mind were courage, magnanimity, and prudence. He was endowed with a large portion of that elevated spirit, without which no enterprise of importance is conceived or executed. He was ambitious to be known as the performer of honourable and useful undertakings, and was equally intrepid and dexterous in effecting his designs. Though he justly ascribed his success to causes which no man can controul or direct, he owed much of it to his own precaution and superior good sense. His mode of travelling was peculiar to himself. He omitted no opportunity of securing the means of safety in foreign countries, by methods which other travellers have sometimes neglected to their great disadvantage. To use his own expression, he was not to be duped by ordinary letters of recommendation; he knew the style of the East, and always attempted to gain the protection of great men by some hold on their interest. His personal accomplishments fitted him in a superior manner for the undertaking in which he engaged. His constitution was robust; he had inured himself to every kind of fatigue and exercise. His long residence among the Barbary Arabs, the best horsemen in the world, had enabled him to excel in the management of the horse, and in the exercise of the lance and javelin. His skill in the use of fire-arms was uncommonly great. He knew also how to display these accomplishments to the best advantage among barbarians, and seldom failed to excite their applause and astonishment.

In qualifications of a different description, he equalled, if not surpassed, the generality of travellers. His memory was excellent, and his understanding vigorous and well cultivated. He found no difficulty in acquiring languages of any kind. He understood French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, the two first of which he spoke and wrote with facility. Besides Greek and Latin, which he read well, though not critically, he knew the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac: and, in the latter part of his life, compared several portions of the scriptures in those related dialects. He read and spoke with ease, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Amharic. Necessity had made him acquainted with these last, and impressed them deeply on his mind. He had applied, during the greatest part of his life, to the study of astronomy, and other practical branches of mathematical learning. His abilities in drawing must have been considerable, as his taste in this particular was acknowledged to be excellent. Though the at-

tempts which have been made to depreciate his character after his return, prevented him from mentioning the exact share of assistance which he had in executing his beautiful collection of drawings, it is certain that he received occasional help, and used it to much advantage.

Mr. Bruce's temper, as he candidly confesses, was irritable and passionate; but his heart was warm; his affections ardent; and his moral feelings extremely acute. His friendships were sincere and, in general, permanent; though sometimes interrupted by suspicion.

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ART. V.—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England; or an historical and genealogical Account of the Lives, public Employments, and most memorable Actions of the English Nobility, who have flourished from the Norman Conquest to the Year 1806: deduced from the public Records, ancient Historians, the Works of eminent Heralds, and from other celebrated and approved Authorities. By T. C. Banks, Esq. 4to. Vol. 1, 1807. Vol. 2, 1808. White.*

WE are far from joining in the silly or malevolent cry of those who, disparaging the great source of our national prosperity, and swallowing the envious and interested misrepresentations of our worst enemy, run about the streets exclaiming that 'the age of chivalry is gone,' that 'we are dwindled into a nation of shopkeepers and stockjobbers,' and that every virtue under the sun has long since taken her flight upon the wings of our paper credit. Nevertheless, we are aware that the direct tendency of our unparalleled extension of commerce is to level those distinctions of birth and rank which the voice of antiquity, sanctioned by our laws, customs, and habits, has rendered venerable; and that it requires no little exertion of virtue and talent in our ancient aristocracy to bear up against the torrent of wealth, and the influence of ministerial equalization.—For this reason we wish to see encouraged to the utmost every popular feeling that yet remains in favour of hereditary dignity; and for this reason, in our capacity of literary censors, we feel ourselves inclined to set even a disproportionate value on such works as tend to revive the study, and circulate the knowledge of our own feudal and baronial history. Even heraldry, which from being the most essential branch of human wisdom, has of late years fallen to the lowest rank in fashionable reputation, is in this point of view, entitled to our very great respect and



attention ; nay, we are so antiquated in our notions that we can even endure to contemplate a genealogical table without disgust, and can find almost as great a pleasure in laboriously tracing the intricacies of some ancient family alliance, as in forming computations on the rise and fall of stocks, or in solving an important question of domestic oeconomy by the sure and silent operations of the rule of three direct. Nor is our taste in other departments of literature uninfluenced by this peculiar feeling. We love an old chronicle better than a modern history, prefer the relation of an antiquarian's tour to that of a mercantile voyage, and are more attracted by a romance which leads our fancy back to former days than by a novel which describes to us the manners of our own. In short, while we are sufficiently grateful to commerce for affording us many of our greatest blessings and comforts, we think that its influence on the manners and principles of the people requires the operation of a strong counterbalancing sentiment, the existence of which we should be happy to discover in the literary taste of our countrymen.

Mr. Banks writes and thinks like a herald of the old school ; perhaps blameably so ; since, whatever veneration we may attach to the names of Dugdale and Camden, we see no reason why their successors in works of this description should not accommodate themselves to modern phraseology. We think, therefore, that Mr. Banks might have rendered the result of his labours more generally entertaining, and not less useful, by adopting a more elegant style of composition. We shall dwell no longer, however, on this peculiarity, and now proceed to give Mr. Banks's own account of the motives or design of his publication.

‘Memoirs of eminent men may be considered as materials essential to the composition of history ; affording not only a pleasing amusement, but the most instructive lessons. No study can be, perhaps, better adapted to impress on the minds of youth an early love of virtue, and a desire of being useful to mankind in general, or devoting themselves particularly to the service of their country ; for whilst contemplating the characters and actions of the sage legislator, the disinterested patriot, the intrepid warrior, the persuasive orator, or the deep philosopher, the generous spark kindles with sympathetic emulation, and burns to seek an opportunity of imitating examples so illustrious. No nation has produced greater men, perhaps, than our own, especially in point of prowess and of patriotism : to the first, the chronicles of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, bear ample testimony ; and the effects of the latter are enjoyed at this day in the preservation of our excellent constitution.

‘Of these generous patriots, not the least distinguished were the ancient barons and our early nobility; who, although they derived their honours from the crown, and were often indebted to the munificence of the king for their possessions, yet, generally speaking, neither profit or honour could tempt them to betray the interest of themselves or posterity; but, when necessity required it, they strictly, steadily, and boldly, opposed every infringement upon the rights and liberties of the subject, even when attended with the loss of their estates and lives. But although some fell victims to despotism and arbitrary power, others were found to carry on the glorious cause, which terminated most frequently in punishing the authors of their grievances and strengthening the liberty of the subject. Our history affords many instances of this kind; but none more striking than the contention between the barons and king John, which produced the celebrated Magna Charta, considered the palladium of the British constitution. To endeavour to preserve the character of persons of such high merit, and to whom we lie under so great an obligation, is not only an act of gratitude, but a pleasingly generous task; particularly so far as relates to such noble families as are now reputed extinct and form the object of this work.’ *PREF. P. IV. V.*

Having thus set forth, rather in a more pompous strain than we could wish, the principal benefits to be derived from a work of this description, Mr. Banks proceeds to inform us of the peculiar design of his own publication in the following words:

‘It is not, however, intended, from these observations, to write a distinct history of the life of every individual who has been elevated to a title: it is only in view cursorily to recite any peculiar action by which he obtained celebrity, or his successors adorned the coronet, or rose in fame; and whilst prolixity of narration is avoided, every endeavour is made to render the information given, of such a nature, as in general may prove acceptable and interesting. As many ancient titles originally were created by writ of summons to parliament, thereby becoming descendible to heirs general in fee, it is peculiarly meant in the following pages to pay attention to those breaks in descent, at which such titles of right appertained to female branches, although very frequently they continued to be used by the heir in the male line; and especially when such male line had been raised to an higher degree of peerage, and had obtained an entail of the new dignity, ‘*sibi et hæredibus suis masculis.*’ Hence when the last-created title (in which, pro tempore, were absorbed the others,) has become extinct, the baronies so merged have too *often* been set down in the same way, whilst in fact, they are only dormant, until the female heir, if a sole one, may think proper to assert a claim; or otherwise are remaining in abeyance, waiting the determination thereof by application of some party or other to his majesty’s grace for that purpose. It, however, not unfrequently occurs, that younger brothers and female branches, through their

alliances, in a very short *revolvement* of time fall into decay; their fortunes and situations in the world becoming very inferior to their *primæval* setting out in life; when slighted or spurned by their more exalted relations, they pine in obscurity, thus submitting through necessity, to the very common reputation of their own extinction. Wherefore it sometimes falls out, that at the time of becoming absolutely the next heir to an old title, ignorance and poverty have contributed to render the party totally unaware of its successional rights. To this point many instances may be adduced. That of de Courcy is a well known story; who at the period of being the next heir to the Kinsale barony, was in some very low employ in one of the royal dockyards: and one of the lords Hunsdon was apprentice to a weaver when he became the next heir to that title. Should remoteness of consanguinity be then contemned? or is the research after the representations of our family disgraceful: because a few may be found in stations and conditions not equally prosperous with those of their more fortunate and exalted kindred?

'Wherefore every endeavour has been used to make as full as possible the account of the male and female descents, about the time at which most of the titles deemed extinct have been usually represented as such, in order that families, who may be inclined to trace back their ancestry, may have an opportunity of comparing their own researches with those statements and genealogical *deducements* made in this work.'

Mr. Banks very properly considers titles as divided into such as 'had their origin from tenure or prescription; from creation by writ of summons to parliament; and from letters patent.'—The first class, he says, terminated about the latter part of Henry the third's reign, at the conclusion of the barons' wars, when the crown had received so great an accession of force as to find itself enabled to restrain the dangerous privileges of a self-supported nobility. Then followed the barons by writ, namely such men as having estates which under the old system, entitled them to the rank of barons, were called to parliament, *at the pleasure of the king*, in right of such possessions. This summons, according to sir Edward Coke's opinion, conveyed an absolute *hereditary* title, a title descendible *on the heirs general*, to the person summoned; and Mr. Banks, in the sequel, very satisfactorily refutes the mistaken notion that an earldom granted *in tail-male* to one already a baron *by summons*, so involves the *fee-simple* of the barony, as that on the failure of *heirs male* to the earldom, the barony becomes also extinct, notwithstanding the existence of *heirs general*, who might otherwise claim under the original *writ*. It has, nevertheless, followed as a consequence from this mistake, that many baronies have been reputed extinct which are in fact only dor-

mant, and that at this moment there may exist many commoners who are entitled to revive in their own persons some of the most ancient and honourable baronies of the realm which have slept during several ages. Another mistake, which it is probable has also caused many titles to become dormant, to which there nevertheless may remain an indisputable right in some ignorant or careless descendant, is the legal doctrine of *possessio fratris*, which, in the case of *property*, renders the sister of the whole blood, preferable to the brother by the half-blood, of the last possessor,—a rule which, Mr. Banks observes, is strictly inapplicable to the case of *dignities*, the right to which is to be made out through the blood of *the first ancestor, not of the last possessor*,—and this opinion he supports by very judicious and probably irrefragable arguments.

Many other curious particulars relating to *baronies by writ* follow,—but we pass them over, and barely mention the third, and most modern species of barony, that created by *letters patent*. The first of these creations bears date the 11th of Richard the second,—and they are almost universally limited to the heirs male of the first taker,—at least in the first instance; though, in many late cases, they have been accompanied by remainders over to the heirs male of the next female branch.

According to Mr. Banks's first intention, this work would have been completed in two volumes, 'the first relating principally to the barons by tenure prior to the establishment of titular honours, and to those who after the introduction of that form had summons to parliament, but with whom the honour terminated; or who, or their posterity, although existing, did not continue to receive the like summons; the second treating of those titles which have been allowed and considered as hereditary, and are now presumed to be either dormant, in abeyance, or absolutely extinct. But from the advertisement prefixed to his second volume, we find that Mr. B. found it impracticable to complete his design within the limits originally proposed, and that a third volume is still to be expected from his hands. The distinction between the contents of the three volumes will, therefore, be the following.—'The first,' he says, 'may be considered as the *radix nobilitatis*:' embracing just so much as it would have embraced under the original plan. The second, as a history of those noble families whose honours having their origin by writ, the same thenceforth became (by a continued succession of summons to parliament, and a regular sitting under them,) an inheritance in fee descen-

dible to the heirs general : The third, as an account of persons who, without the inheritance of any feudal tenure, by virtue whereof they were liable to be summoned to parliament 'ad libitum regis,' were by letters patent, or charter of creation, constituted peers of the realm, with an express limitation to whom, or to what heirs the title should descend.

Mr. Banks further informs us that he has thought proper to follow Dugdale's learned and excellent Baronage as the foundation of his own work, that he flatters himself with having, in some instances, corrected faults and mistakes in his original, but in more has only copied, or enlarged upon the details which are there to be found, so far as they were consistent with the particular design of his own publication.

Having thus explained the design, divisions, and general contents of the volumes before us, we shall have very little to remark, contenting ourselves with pointing out a few of the most interesting passages of baronial biography, and antiquarian anecdote, (this alliteration was really undesigned,) with which Mr. Banks has furnished us.

Fulk de Breant is a personage represented by most of our historians in the light of a common robber, an error owing to the violent expressions of our old monkish chroniclers against all men who were unfortunate enough in turbulent times to hurt or endanger any church possessions. His life is thus given by Mr. Banks.

'Fouke de Breant was a Norman by birth, and although a bastard only of mean extraction, yet grew so much in favour with king John that he obtained the grant of the castle and manor of Chilham in Kent, for whom he did many signal services in the wars between him and his barons. As he was a very valiant person, so our monkish writers represent him as a vile murderer, and a great oppressor ; and a complaint being made against him for the violences and disorders perpetrated by him, he was fined a great sum of money, which refusing to pay, his \* castle of Bedford was besieged and taken, and his brother William hanged, for holding out the same : on which he flew into open rebellion against the king, who committed him to prison, and having called a parliament soon after required sentence against him as a traitor. But as he had been faithful to king John and for some time to Henry the third, then reigning, he had only banishment from the kingdom for ever pronounced upon him. For such was the esteem in that fighting age due to men of valour, that it disarmed an enemy of revenge, and forbid them to let an hero die

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\* By the bye, should we not be informed how he came by his castle of Bedford? only that of Chilham is mentioned as given him by the king.



but in the bed of honour. He went to Normandy, and thence to Rome; and there received a pardon and reverse of his sentence of banishment, probably on some interest he made there; but on his return, died suddenly, with the symptoms of being poisoned, after eating a dish of fish. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Warren Fitzgerald, and widow of Baldwin de Riparies, earl of Albemarle. Dugdale says, he left a daughter Eve, married to Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, prince of North Wales, to whom she was second wife.  
VOL. I. P. 40.

Mr. Banks, however, should not have omitted to relate on the *unquestionable* authority of our honest monk of St. Alban's, the miraculous vengeance exacted on the person of the said Fulk by means of a sword in the hand of St. Paul's image at his church in Bedford, nor the fearful dream of which his pious lady took advantage to persuade him to make restitution to the insulted monastery of St. Alban's, nor lastly the verses in which, as the same worthy chronicler informs us, '*quidam satis eleganter*, described the disproportionate union between him and the noble heiress of the house of Rivers.

Lex connectit eos, amor et concordia lecti,  
Sed lex qualis? amor qualis? concordia qualis?  
Lex exlex, amor exosus, concordia discors.

At page 45 of the same volume we meet with the following extraordinary and *romantic* species of tenure.

'Henry de Percy, ancestor of the earls of Northumberland of that name, had, in marriage with Isabel, daughter of Adam fourth lord of Skelton, the manor of Lokin field, near Beverly, in Yorkshire, for which he and his heirs were to repair to Skelton castle every Christmas day, and lead the lady of the castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and thence to her chamber again; and after dining with her to depart.'

These lords of Skelton were of the family of Brus, or Bruce, which afterwards so gloriously atchieved the crown of Scotland.

Under the head of 'De Burgh,' Dugdale is corrected in an error as to the descendants of William Fitz Aldelm, steward to king Henry the second, who was father, not of Walter earl of Ulster, but of Richard the great justiciary,—and this Richard, marrying Una, the king of Connaught's daughter transmitted the title of 'lord of Connaught,' to his son Walter, who, by marriage with the heiress of the Lacies, became 'earl of Ulster,' and whose grandson John still further, and most considerably, augmented the family pos-

sessions by marrying a daughter of the earl of Gloucester, who brought with her the ancient 'lordship of *Clare*,' as her portion. It was his grand-daughter Elizabeth, who by marrying Lionel, third son of king Edward the third, brought the titles of Ulster, Connaught, and Clare, (or *Clarence*, for they are the same,) into the royal family.

At page 67 occurs an expression which strikes us as rather a singular one for a professed antiquarian to make use of. 'There was a fine engraving (*some time since to be seen in the print-shops of the metropolis*,) of the Magna Charta, with the name of Gilbert Delaval, one of the twenty-five barons. His arms are the same as those now borne by lord Delaval, who is also in possession of that noble seat called Seaton Delaval, the residence and former property of those illustrious barons, his early ancestors.' This circumstance is an interesting one; but we think it somewhat strangely introduced, since the engraving to which Mr. B. refers is much too well known and too commonly to be met with, both in public and private collections, to be noticed as *an* engraving, some time since to be seen in the shop-windows. Besides the *original* is to be seen at the Museum, and why not refer to that?

At page 86, Mr. Banks has strangely misquoted the monkish rhymes addressed by his Satanic majesty to Gilbert Foliot the celebrated bishop of London. 'Concerning whom Matthew Paris relates, that, coming one night from the king (Henry II.) with whom he had been in long conference on the troubles between him and the archbishop (Becker,) as he lay meditating thereon in his bed, a terrible and unknown voice sounded these words in his ears. 'O Gilbert Foliot, dum revolvis tot, et tot Deus tuus est Astaroth.' Which he taking to come from the devil, answered as boldly, 'Mentiris, dæmon, Deus mens est Deus Sabaoth.' Now, in the first place, Matthew Paris, who is no friend to the bishop as may be supposed, very disingenuously gives us only the first part of the story, namely the devil's speech,—and subsequent writers who have added the bishop's reply, give them both in a poetical shape.

The celebrated Glanville, a name so well known to lawyers, is passed over with much too slender a notice; it being only said, after mentioning his military exploit against the Scots at Alnwick, that 'he was made one of the justices itinerant for the northern counties, and also, afterwards, justice of England.'

The name of 'Marmion,' may be allowed at present to attract particular notice. Robert, founder of the family,

was lord of Fontenay in Normandy, and received from William the conqueror a grant of the manors of Tamworth and Scrivelsby, 'to hold by the service of performing the office of champion of England.'—It is said that the Marmions were already, before the conquest, hereditary champions to the dukes of Normandy. Philip, the last baron of the name, died A. 20 Edward I, and the lordships of Tamworth and Scrivelsby fell by marriage one to the house of Freville, the other to that of Dymoke; those two families afterwards contested the right of the office of 'champion,' which was adjudged by the earl marshal of England to sir John Dymoke; and it is a very remarkable circumstance that, for the space of 500 years, the office has continued in the same family and name, Lewis Dymoke, Esq. the living possessor of the manor of Scrivelsby, being by virtue of the said manor, hereditary champion of England, and the son of John Dymoke, Esq. who acted in that capacity at the coronation of George the third. The service to which he is bound is thus described. 'to ride into Westminster Hall, completely armed upon a barbed horse, and there to challenge the combat with whomsoever should dare to oppose the king's title to the crown; and the manner of its being performed is thus curiously detailed in an extract given from Sandford's 'History of the Coronation of James the second, 1687,' a very scarce and valuable work.

'Before the second course was brought in, sir Charles Dymoke, knight, the king's champion, (son and heir of sir Edward Dymoke, knight, who performed the like service at the coronation of his majesty Charles the second,) completely armed in one of his majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a goodly white horse, richly caparisoned, entered the hall in manner following, viz.

'Two trumpets with the champion's arms on their banner.

'The sergeant trumpet with his mace on his shoulder; two sergeants at arms with their maces on their shoulders.

'The champion's two esquires, richly habited; one on the right hand, with the champion's lance carried upright; the other on the left hand, with his target, and the champion's arms depicted thereon.

'York herald, with a paper in his hand, containing the words of the challenge.

The earl marshal in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the marshal's staff.

The champion on horseback, with a gauntlet in his right hand, his helmet on his head, adorned with a great plume of feathers, white, blue, and red,

The lord high constable in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the constable's staff.

‘ Four pages, richly apparelled, attendants on the champion.

‘ The passage to their majesties’ table being cleared by the knight marshal, York herald, with a loud voice, proclaimed the champions challenge, viz :

‘ If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord the king, &c. to be right heir to the imperial crown of this realm of England, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him : and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.’

‘ And then the champion threw down his gauntlet. The gauntlet having lain some short time, the said York herald took it up, and delivered it again to the champion.

‘ Then advancing in the same order to the middle of the hall ; the said herald made proclamation as before, and the champion threw down his gauntlet ; which after having lain a little time, was taken up by the herald, and delivered to him again.

‘ Lastly, advancing to the foot of the steps, York herald, and those who preceded him, going to the top of the steps, made proclamation a third time, at the end whereof the champion again cast down his gauntlet, which after some time being taken up and re-delivered to him by the herald, he made a low obeisance to his majesty. Whereupon his majesty’s cupbearer bringing to the king a gilt bowl of wine, with a cover, his majesty drank to the champion and sent him the said bowl by the cupbearer, accompanied with his assistants, which the champion (having put on his gauntlet) received, and retiring a little space, drank thereof, and made his humble reverence to his majesty ; and being accompanied as before, departed out of the hall, taking the said bowl and cover with him as his fee.’

The observations on this ancient ceremony, which follow are very judicious, though we know not whether to ascribe them to Mr. Banks, or to ‘ Francis Sandford, Lancaster herald at arms.’ But, to which soever they appertain, we fully agree with the author of them in supposing that this was not, in the early times of the institution, a mere ceremony but a good and useful precaution ; that the challenge was made, in earnest, and by passing unaccepted, was regarded as no slender confirmation to the title of the reigning monarch.

The custom of women riding side-ways on horseback most ladies may be apt to imagine originated with the first woman that mounted a horse. So far from it, some writers have assured us that Ann, the queen of Richard the second, is entitled to the honour of having introduced that comfortable fashion. A curious impression on the seal of Joan de Wake, baroness of Liddel and daughter of Nicholas de Esterville,

(temp. Edw. I.) disproves the royal claim, though we cannot agree with Mr. Banks that it transfers it to the lady in question.

At p. 197, occurs a curious account of the ancient barons to the earls of Chester, as to whose origin 'Selden tells us, in his *Titles of Honour*, that the noblest and greatest tenants to the greater sort of subjects, had anciently the appellation of barons ascribed to them, *especially* those to the earls of Chester.' The particular privileges granted by the conqueror and his descendants to the possessors of this princely earldom, may account for the title, at first more general, being at last confined, or nearly so, to the tenants of those earls. So early as Hugh Lussus the first earl, we find the principal gentlemen and commanders under him so styled; and a list is given of eight whom that nobleman, by virtue of his own high privileges, created. They were, however, inferior in rank to the barons of the realm. Of a description somewhat similar were the 'barons of the county palatine of Durham,' and 'barons marchers of Wales.'

In the catalogue of the earls of Chester, we find the following circumstantial account (from the old chronicles) of the fatal shipwreck in which Richard earl of Chester the only child of Hugh Lussus, perished along with the sons of king Henry the first, and many other great and distinguished noblemen.

'He (this Richard E. of Chester,) married Maud, daughter of Stephen earl of Blois by Adela his wife, daughter of the conqueror, and had no sooner tasted the pleasures of his marriage-bed, than he, with his young countess, were not only prohibited by the churlish waves, their mutual love embraces, and hope of future posterity to succeed them, but were deprived of their lives also. But because this lamentable accident is memorable for the destructive influence it had upon many of the nobility of England, it may not be unentertaining to recite briefly the whole story, as it is recorded by Ordericus.

'The master of the ship was Thomas the son of Stephen, who came to king Henry I. then in Normandy and ready to take shipping for England, and offered him a mark of gold, (in elder ages valued at six pounds in silver,) desiring, that as Stephen his father had transported the conqueror when he fought against king Harold, and was his constant mariner in all his passages between England and Normandy, so that he himself might likewise now have the transportation of king Henry, and all his attendants; as it were in fee; for he had a very good ship called 'Candida Navis, or the white ship,' well furnished for that purpose. The king thanked him; but without told him, he had already made choice of another ship, which he could not change: but that he would commend him to his two sons



William and Richard, with many others of his nobility; whereat the mariners much rejoiced, and desired the prince to bestow some wine upon them to drink. He gave them 'tres modios vini', three hogsheads of wine, wherewith they made themselves sufficiently drunk. There were almost three hundred in this unfortunate ship; for there were 50 skilful oars or galley-men, had they not been intoxicated, which belonged to the ship, besides the young gallants who were to be transported; but now being able to govern neither themselves nor the ship, they suffered it to split on a rock, and so were all drowned, except one Berolde, a butcher of Roan in Normandy, who was taken up the next morning by some fishermen, after a cold frosty night's shipwreck; and with much ado recovered, and lived twenty years after.'

We have not room to add the poetical description of the event, though composed by 'an excellent rhymers of those times,' and though really somewhat superior to the generality of monkish jingles. p. 213, 214.

Under the head 'Camois,' we have the following singular anecdote, which may be new to several of our readers.

'John his son, of whom it is memorable, that by a former deed, out of his own free will, he gave and demised his own wife, (Margaret daughter and heir to sir John Gaddesden knight,) to sir William Paynell, knight, perceiving her to be more fond of the said sir William than himself. On this occasion, it seems Margaret having departed from her husband and lived in adultery with Paynel, Camois finding out the same, went voluntarily to sir William, and came to this accord in form; and sealed it before many witnesses, that he would release all his right and title to the said Margaret: and by the same deed gave and granted and for ever quit-claimed unto sir William Paynell, all the goods and chattels which she had or hereafter might have, as also whatever was in his hands, of the said Margaret, together with their appurtenances, so as neither himself, nor any other in his name, might, or for ever ought, to claim any interest therein from thenceforth.' p. 250.

This contract was probably much to the advantage of John de Camois, even though he relinquished all the antient estates of Gaddesden together with his wife to her paramour. She certainly had no reason to be discontented, nevertheless, after the death of Camois, she petitioned parliament for her dowry, 29 Edw. I. when the court gave judgment against her upon the statute of Westm. 2. made six years before.

Page 321. The French Enguerrand has been transformed by chroniclers into Ingelram,--but why is the great and celebrated name *Coucy* metamorphosed into Cusey? Enguerrand de Coucy lord of Guisnes and earl of Bedford, and Lois-

sons can hardly be recognized under this strange disguise, although the hero of chronicles and one of the first noblemen either of France or England. His possessions passed with his daughter Mary into the house of Bar, (not Barre,) to Robert, (not Henry) earle of Marle; and (in her right) of Soissons. Our English heralds, when they look into French families, should at least take the trouble of consulting French histories and genealogies. Morery would have furnished Mr. Banks with much better information on the subject of this article (Ghisnes) than Sandford.

Every one is aware of the extreme facility with which he may obtain the right to bear any arms to which he may have a fancy at the present day. The practice of the herald's office in the time of Richard second was somewhat different. On the death of John Hastings earl of Pembroke in the fifteenth year of that king, a contest was carried on between Reginald lord Grey of Ruthya and Edward Hastings for the right of bearing the arms of the deceased (sc. Or, a maunch gules,) which lasted twenty years, 'in the court military, before the constable and marshal of England; wherein, after much money spent, the said Edward, who challenged them as next heir male, was not only condemned in very heavy costs, and the arms adjudged to Grey, but imprisoned sixteen years for disobeying that sentence. Wherewith being greatly displeased at the injury he conceived done him, he, when in great anguish of mind at his latter end, left God's curse, and his own, upon his posterity, if they did not attempt a vindication thereof.'—Where in these degenerate days is the *gentleman* so simple as to claim even the arms of the house of Bedford at so terrible a risk?

'The Musgraves are said to have been originally Germans, as the name imports; being dignified by the title of Musgraves, or lords of the marshes and mosses; which family, in process of time became so considerable, that one of them had an archduchess of Austria given him in marriage; the traditional history whereof is this: The emperor had two great generals, who made court to his daughter at the same time; and as he had experienced singular services from both, did not care to prefer one before the other. But to decide the matter, ordered the two horses to run at the ring for her, (an exercise then in use :) it so happened, that this Musgrave (one of the contending generals,) had the fortune to pierce the ring with the point of his spear; by which action he gained her for a reward of his gallantry and dexterity, and had 'six annulets or,' given him for his coat of armour and for his crest, 'two arms in armour holding an annulet.' From this marriage issued that Musgrave, who, being a man of an enterprising genius, accompanied William the con-

queror into England, and was the first founder of the Musgraves in this country.' P. 382.

One objection to this pretty story is, that there was no such title as that of archduke of Austria before the fourteenth century. *Quære*.—Was not running at the ring an exercise of later invention?

Page 406, we are pleased to find that Mr. Banks has sense enough to despise the foolish sycophancy of certain genealogists who, in the hopes of pleasing the family of the present lord Harrowby endeavoured 'to trace and represent their lineage from the ancient barons *Rythre*, temp. Edw. first,' for he adds 'had they been gratified with a sight of his (sir Dudley Rider's) epitaph, they might possibly have been satisfied with dating his pedigree from an æra much more recent; and from an origin by far less noble.' We fully agree with Mr. B. (who here quotes a very eloquent passage of Burke's to the same purpose,) that on many occasions it is much more flattering to be one's self the first of a family than to look up through a long series of ages to the origin of it.

Notwithstanding this proud jacobinical boast, we very much suspect that there is not a *sans-culottes* in existence, who would refuse the honour of being made a kin to the most rascally baron throughout all the pages of these two volumes; and therefore we think the case of Sir Richard Chetwode very hard, who, after establishing his claim in the most satisfactory manner to the ancient barony of Woodhill, was denied his right by king James the first, and condemned either to accept a patent or rest contented with simple knighthood. He very proudly, but very properly, preferred the latter, thinking his majesty's offer a derogation to his claim. The certificate presented in his favour which was so shamefully overlooked by the king, is a curious relique, and, connected with the circumstances of the case throws some light upon the nature of an ancient writ of summons to parliament. But we have no room to state it with the whole detail annexed to it, and therefore content ourselves on the present occasion with referring our readers to p. 436 et. seq. of the first volume.

We must now defer the extracts which we purpose making from the second volume to the publication of some future number.

**ART. VI.—***A Picture of Lisbon, taken on the Spot ; being a Description, moral, civil, political, physical, and religious of that Capital ; with Sketches of the Government, Character, and Manners of the Portuguese in general. By a Gentleman, many Years resident in Lisbon. 8vo. Colburn. 1809.*

THIS Picture was, we suppose, occasioned by the present state of our relations with Portugal, which has occasioned a demand for this species of information. The work before us, however, appears to accord with the professions of the title ; the author seems to have been a spectator of the scene which he has described ; and he has imparted a considerable share of information respecting the city, the government, the manners, and population of Lisbon, in a manner at once perspicuous and amusing.

The old part of Lisbon, or that which was spared by the earthquake of 1755, is said to be composed of dark and crooked streets, which breathe a confined and unwholesome air. The new part of the town is built on a more regular and healthy plan. Most of the streets are straight, broad, and uniform ; but are subject to disadvantages from the inequalities of the ground. The street, which borders on the Tagus, runs the whole length of Lisbon through a space of two leagues. There are no squares in old Lisbon, but there are several in the new part of the town. Few of the houses have any yards, ' the entrances are often dark, the stair-case narrow, ill-lighted, and irregular.' The apartments are usually laid out in large suits of rooms, some of which are so dark as to exclude the day.

' The floors of their rooms are coarsely planked. The planks are washed every week, and afterwards strewed with sand to dry them. Water is not spared in this operation ; it is poured out in deluges, and a small pipe under each window upon a level with the floor, carries it out of the house, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the streets, who are sure to receive their share of it.'

Lisbon does not exhibit any specimens of architectural magnificence or taste. Many fountains are dispersed through the different quarters of the city, which are supplied with excellent water from a bason in the centre ; into which it is conveyed by an aqueduct, which was constructed in the reign of John V. and is the only public edifice which merits the attention of the traveller. Lisbon is said to have only one public walk, and that is so small that three hundred

persons could not enjoy it at their ease. But the Portuguese are reported not to have any taste for the pleasures of the promenade.

Lisbon is built on seven hills, from which it descends to the Tagus, by which it is bounded to the south. The hills form a kind of rampart around it on the other three sides ; ' The hills may be said to represent a bow, and the river the string.' Much rain falls during the winter months. The rains begin in November, and last with more or less considerable intermissions till the end of February. In Lisbon

' The water falls with astonishing violence, and in prodigious quantity : sometimes it penetrates so far into the earth as to destroy the vaults which cover the subterraneous canals. The streets of the upper part of the city, which are upon the descent, and which are the most numerous, become reservoirs which discharge themselves into the lower part, which having but little vent for the flood, soon becomes inundated, and choked up with the rubbish, filth and mud which the water carries along with it from the higher streets, so as to be altogether impassable: the water makes its way into the houses and shops, penetrates through the walls that lean against the hills, and insinuates itself into the interior of the apartments.

' The winters here are very rarely cold. Sometimes, however, when the rain ceases, a slight frost takes place. The moisture of the atmosphere is more disagreeable than the cold ; it concentrates itself in the apartments, and penetrates into the body ; and its influence is the more severely felt, as the inhabitants never use fires in their apartments, and have no other resource for keeping themselves warm than to sit with their feet placed upon a mat, and wrap themselves in a cloak or roquelaure.'

The heat begins to be intense about the end of April, and continues with a gradual increase till the beginning of September ; but the servours of the summer are moderated in the evening by the cool gales which constantly blow from the north. Great variations of temperature are experienced in Lisbon. In those streets which run from north to south, a stream of air often rushes down which causes the passenger to shiver with cold, while in the streets, which run from east to west, he will perhaps languish with intolerable heat. Lisbon which, in this country, is represented as the favourite abode of Hygeia, is said, on the whole, to be unfavourable to health : but the diseases which are most prevalent are probably owing less to the climate than to the nastiness of the inhabitants.

The remark that he who has the most servants is the worst served, is said to be exemplified at Lisbon.

' The houses of the *fidalgos*, or nobles, swarm with them : some



of them contain a number of domestics sufficient to people a small village.

‘These include the secretaries, the *major-domos*, the *guardos-ropa*, or valets-de-chambre, the cooks, the scullions, the confidential priests, the *bolheros*, or coachmen and postilions, the grooms of the stables, the *moços-aguaderos*, or water carriers, who do the out-door work, the *moços damesa*, who wait at table and perform the necessary services in the interior of the apartments, the *moços*, who stand behind their master’s carriage, and never enter the apartments, the *escudeiros*, or squires, a kind of servants who constantly ride with swords at their sides before the carriage.

‘Next come the female domestics. These are the *criadas-moças*, who do the coarse and dirty work of the house, and the *criadas-graves*, some of whom are waiting-women, others iron linen and perform needle-work for their mistresses. These do not take their meals either with the male domestics or with the other female servants, but have their separate table and even females to wait upon them.

‘Nothing can exceed the insolence of these *criadas-graves*; they affect an air of importance, a tone of consequence which is perfectly disgusting. They wish to ape the manners of their mistresses, but they imitate them only in their defects, and exhibit nothing of their graceful ease, or moral excellence: their ridiculous awkwardness is ill concealed by all the efforts of affectation.

‘This ostentation of keeping a large train of domestics has become prevalent even among the private citizens, many of whom maintain enormous numbers of them, and observe the same distinctions of classes among them.

‘Every affluent Portuguese merchant or magistrate, supposing his family to consist, besides himself, of a wife and two children, has at least his cook, his *bolhero*, or coachman, his groom of the stable, his *moço aguadero*, two *moços* for his carriage, two *moços damesa*, two or three *criadas-graves*, and two *criadas-moças*.’

This exorbitant number of mischievous idlers has, we trust, been diminished by the irruption of the French; and we hope that the English, who have since gotten possession of the country, will teach the more affluent Portuguese that only a few domestics are requisite for convenience and happiness. To those travellers who have felt the comfort of an English inn, the inns of Lisbon will offer but few attractions.

‘A stranger has scarcely landed at Lisbon, when a score of *Gallegos* present themselves, and dispute who shall carry his luggage, which they take from him without ceremony: they traverse with rapid paces the streets, the alleys and the squares; they climb, they ascend, they descend, and pass on without giving themselves any trouble to see whether the stranger is following them or not. They enter an inn of their own choosing, namely that in which they are best paid for bringing a customer. The stranger follows them with

hastened steps; he arrives at the place of his destination, and finds himself housed and fixed for the night, without knowing where, without having had an opportunity to ask whither he was going, or intimating to what place he might wish to go.

‘Often his stomach is turned at the first sight of his new lodgings. Smoked walls, a greasy table, chairs which sink under the weight of his body, a wretched truckle-bed of a still more inauspicious aspect, are the first objects that strike his attention. If he quits his cell, a dirty kitchen, with filthy utensils, a dresser never cleaned, four copper pots upon the fire, and a cook of the most squalid appearance present themselves to his view. When the hour of repast arrives, he is accommodated with a napkin that has been eight days in use, an iron fork covered with grease and rust, cracked dishes, plates with their edges worn off by long service, a soup in which water is almost the only ingredient, a ragout which operates more powerfully than agreeably upon the olfactory nerves, a sauce in which salt is the only seasoning, a dish of roast meat burnt to a stick served up on a table as dirty as the floor upon which it stands.’

The chaises in Lisbon are very unpleasant vehicles; they are constructed of two seats resting upon poles, and drawn by two horses or mules driven by a postilion. No chaises in Lisbon are to be hired according to the distance or to the time; they must be taken for at least half a day. The theatrical exhibitions of the Portuguese are not likely to attract the admiration of foreigners.

‘They have no female actors: the women’s parts are performed by men; by castrati at the opera, and by bearded men in the Portuguese pieces and in the ballets. It seems quite ludicrous to a stranger to hear a rough masculine voice proceed from the figure of a young shepherdess, a princess, or a fine lady: it is not less so, to see young shepherdesses, country-girls and nymphs perform a ballet with beards that shock the eye of every spectator. The rouge with which they bedaub their faces only renders the dark tinge of their beards more prominent; and this mixture of hues gives them the aspect of furies, contrasting in a very grotesque manner with the characters which they represent.’

This picture is so disgusting and incongruous that we are surprised not only how it can be liked, but how it can for a moment be endured.

The English are said to have introduced the practice of tea-drinking into Portugal. ‘It is now universal in this city.’ Lisbon is said still to exhibit traces of that constraint and servility in which the fair sex were formerly kept, and the continuance of which proves the small advances of civilization among the people.

‘We still see those window-blinds, the invention of jealousy, and

the futile precaution of husbands, intended to conceal them from the view of passengers. We still see remains of the mercenary race of duennas, who were hired to guard them, to follow all their steps, and to watch all their actions.

‘When a Portuguese lady walks out, she never goes alone, but is always followed by female servants wrapped in large cloaks of coarse woollen stuff, who follow her like lacqueys. Those who have none of their own, hire them when they have to go out, especially on festival days, when they go to mass. They are generally Negro or Mulatto women that are hired for this purpose; their general pay is half a teston, or about four-pence every time. It is ludicrous enough, to see a lady stalk solemnly through the streets: followed by four female servants, walking two and two, with measured paces, imitating her gait and aping her gravity of demeanour.

‘The Portuguese women are very little seen in public: they rarely quit their houses; some of them not four times in the course of a year, and some only once a year to receive the sacrament in their parish-churches: others have this rite performed in their houses and never go out at all. It is in consequence of this restraint imposed upon them, or which they impose upon themselves, that most of the houses have an oratory, or small chapel, where, in compliance with an improperly established practice, they have mass performed every festival day. It is also in consequence of this restraint, that they are never to be seen in the public walks, and that at whatever hour one visits them, one never sees any lady in them unless she be a foreigner.

‘They are even very little seen in their own houses; it is very common for them to conceal themselves whenever a man enters. I know a French physician who during an attendance of twenty days upon a Portuguese of the higher rank of citizens, who laboured under a severe disorder, never got a sight of his patient’s wife, for she always concealed herself when he entered, so that he never saw any female about him except a servant maid.

‘If the Portuguese women shew themselves rarely in the streets, they shew themselves the more at their windows. They spend there three-fourths of the day in gazing at and being gazed at by the passengers, standing with their arms crossed, their heads bare, however cold it may be, and in winter with their shoulders covered with a coarse woollen cloak,

‘Within doors they abandon themselves to the most complete indolence: they are accustomed to do nothing at all; they never take up a needle or a book, but divide the day between the window and a seat, upon which they remain indolently reclined and quite absorbed in ennui.

‘Formerly they did not use to sit upon chairs, but squatted themselves upon rush mats, placed under the window, with their legs crossed or bent backwards under them. There are some women in Lisbon who are so habituated to this posture, as to be unable to keep their seat upon a chair. This practice has not yet fallen en-

tirely into disuse : it still prevails among the women of the inferior class of society and the servant maids ; nor is it any thing strange to see even ladies of the highest distinction squatted upon mats in the middle of their apartments, with their female domestics around them in the same posture.\*

The carnival, which in most Catholic countries is a period of extraordinary festivity, is here very dull ; but the days immediately preceding Lent, are enlivened by the women throwing water from the windows on the people in the streets, with bottles, syringes, pots, jugs, kettles, and other vessels. Many receive upon their heads not only the water but the pots which contain it.

The vicinity of Lisbon to the north-east and west is adorned with *quintas* or country-houses. The village of Cintra (a name which will long be remembered for the infamous convention lately concluded there), which is ' about seven or eight leagues from Lisbon, is embellished with some very handsome *quintas*. Running streams and fountains add greatly to their amenity.

Religious processions are among the principal pleasures of the Portuguese. Eight processions take place during Lent.

' They are composed of men of all conditions, covered with long robes, white, red, grey, violet or blue, wearing capuchins of the same colours, and carrying in their hands sticks shaped like wax-tapers, with which they support themselves. Statues of saints, in various dresses, representing the different actions of their lives, are carried upon poles, and bands of vocal and instrumental musicians distributed at proper distances from each other, accompany the procession. The rear is formed by monks, who appear less occupied with the religious ceremony over which they preside than with the pleasure of seeing and being seen : their eyes, fixed upon the windows, seem with a kind of avidity to range among the women that occupy them.

' No order reigns in these processions, and we seek in vain for that decency which we must suppose ought to accompany a religious solemnity.

' They all resemble each other : so that after having seen one, you may dispense with seeing the rest.

' A French Capuchin asked me one day, as one of these processions went by : "*Do those that come to see the procession pray ?*" " No," I replied. "*Neither do they who perform them,*" rejoined he. They are in fact mere processions, religious ceremonies unaccompanied with devotion,

' The most celebrated is that *dos Passos*, which proceeds from the Church of the Great Augustines, of Notre-Dame de Grace, on the second Friday in Lent. It is formed like the rest, with this difference, that only one large statue, which represents Christ bear-

ing his cross, is carried under a canopy. This statue is considered to have a miraculous power, and it inspires the Portuguese with great devotion, for they attribute many miracles to it.

‘When this procession passes through the streets, one hears at a distance confused and continued cries, which become louder and more distinct as the procession advances; these issue from an innumerable crowd of people, who follow the procession in the greatest disorder, addressing their prayers to the statue which is carried before them, some singing, others bawling. This confusion is entertaining for a moment, but it soon becomes fatiguing. The procession is followed by about four or five thousand persons, the greater part of whom are Negroes and Mulattoes of both sexes. It is believed by the vulgar, that a person following this procession seven successive years, becomes exempt from the possibility of dying in a state of mortal sin.’

The author gives the following description of the court of Lisbon before the late emigration to the Brazils.

‘If you go to court at Lisbon, you see nothing but a numerous assemblage of persons, among whom you can distinguish neither the officers of the king, nor the officers of the crown, nor the sovereign himself; the whole is a confused crowd, in which the king is without magnificence, distinction or majesty.

‘The courtiers exhibit in their conversation nothing but the unmeaning incoherent prate of affectation, a tone of importance, which they can but ill maintain; they appear totally destitute of sentiment, opinion and power of action, displaying an indolent, impotent ambition, an insolence of ostentation which is meanness personified, ever restless, ever present, exhibiting itself in different forms according to the circumstances; a meanness which dreads to speak the truth, which approves every thing that the prince wills, that his ministers decree, which places the crown upon the head of ministerial despotism, and offers incense to the underling tyrants.

‘No trace is here to be seen of that amiable politeness, that easy tone, those engaging manners, that elegant unaffected language, that noble unaffected deportment, that genteel and delicate railery which distinguish several of the courts of Europe.

‘We find here neither facility of expression, force of demonstration, dignity of representation, or even that external varnish under which elsewhere flattery and corruption conceal themselves: every thing here exhibits itself in its naked deformity.

‘The king’s guard consists of a number of dragoons indiscriminately taken from among the regiments stationed in Lisbon: they guard the doors of the palace and accompany the prince wherever he goes. These soldiers, ill-combed, ill-dressed, mounted upon lean half-starved horses of different sizes and colours, whose trappings are held together by cords, do not excite any very magnificent idea of the court.’



The king has at present no palace at Lisbon. The royal family usually reside at Quelus, a village about two leagues distant from the capital. The nobles seem in general a very despicable race. They are distinguished more by exterior hauteur than by their magnificence or hospitality. Their servants are the worst kept, the worst clad, the worst fed, and the worst paid in Lisbon.

Nothing can more clearly show the detestable government of the royal house of Braganza than the number of spies and informers whom they kept in their pay. These vermin, the usual sperm of the most abject despotism and superstition, breed in swarms in Lisbon. They

are distributed through all places, they haunt the squares, the streets, the shops, the taverns, the exchange, the theatre, the houses of private individuals, social parties, the lawyer's office, the merchant's counting-house, and they profane, by their detestable presence and nefarious scrutiny, the sanctuaries of justice and the temples of God.

Yet this is the government which the present ministers are so eager to restore. But can a greater curse be inflicted on mankind than a political system supported by such execrable means?

The streets of Lisbon are represented as very insecure. Robberies and assassinations are so frequent as hardly to excite any unusual sensation in the city. The watchmen, who are all labouring men, and who receive no pay, repose during the night under the gate-ways, without concerning themselves with what is passing in the streets.

The police which neglects the security, seems to pay even less attention to the cleanliness of the streets. In winter the mud is not less than half a foot deep at the sides, and is accumulated in still greater masses in the middle of the streets. The small streets are never cleaned of their filth, which in some has been collected for near twenty years, so as almost entirely to choke up the way. The principal streets are not cleared unless on account of some religious processions, or when the passage is entirely obstructed by the accumulation of filth. But even then the mud, instead of being removed, is only pushed into heaps in the middle of the streets. These heaps are loosened by the first rain that falls, and are then broken into bogs of various extent and depth.

Though the judicial tribunals in Portugal are slow in the prosecution of criminals, yet the persons in authority are precipitate in the exercise of oppression. Crimes, that

shock the moral sense, and weaken the most sacred social ties, are beheld with indifference or neglect, while the smallest affront either in word or deed, which is offered to the depositaries of the political administration, excites their keenest resentment, and provokes the most implacable vengeance. Not contented with taking cognizance of overt acts they presume to judge of intentions, and suspicion supplies the place of proof.

‘The persons accused or suspected, are immediately arrested, thrown into prison, debarred all communication with their friends or families. Their papers are seized, without an inventory of them being taken in their presence: so that it is easy to introduce a supposititious document among them, or to suppress any of the true ones. These operations are always performed during the night.

‘No one dares undertake the vindication of the persons accused; every one fearfully expects his own turn; the neighbours, the friends, the relations of the party are afraid to appear to know any thing of the matter; it is spoken of only in whispers, with the utmost caution, and under the pledge of the most profound secrecy. A sullen silence is maintained, which is almost always the expression of consternation and grief.

‘The unhappy prisoners, left to themselves, harass their minds in vain to discover the cause of their detention. They have not even the satisfaction of being able to transmit a petition, a vindication of themselves, into the hands of the minister whose orders have deprived them of their liberty; their voice cannot make itself heard, their justification becomes impossible. Their sentence has been pronounced without any legal process, without any regular information, without any evidence, without having heard their defence, without having convicted them; and it is carried into execution, without their even knowing the grounds upon which they have been apprehended.

‘They are generally kept a long time in prison, after which they are conveyed on board of a vessel, and carried into banishment; without any one knowing whither they are to be conveyed. The Portuguese are transported to the colonies of Portuguese America, often to the most remote and uninhabited places, where they arrive without knowing any one, without money, without any means of providing for their subsistence, so that most of them perish in misery.’

‘The ministers frequently take out of the hands of the regular courts of justice the cognizance of civil processes, in order to decide upon them despotically themselves, without hearing the parties or seeing the documents to be produced as evidence. These decisions are comprised in a written order of eight lines, signed by the minister, in the name of a queen whom a malady renders incapable of governing, and even excludes from society. The parties who

are robbed of their property in such a scandalous manner, dare not complain, or suffer even the slightest murmur to escape them; otherwise, they would soon be punished by a long and severe imprisonment, and by transportation to remote countries, from whence they would never return.'

Thus we see that the government of Portugal, such as it existed before the late emigration of the royal family to the Brazils, was a system of oppression as barbarous and unrelenting as was ever exercised on man. If such a system is to be restored without any modifications or improvements, the people of Portugal will have no occasion to rejoice at the victory of Vimeira, or the departure of the French.

The populace of Lisbon, debased by ignorance and superstition, by idleness and want, are a pale, meagre, emaciated race, the image of a people who have long been crushed by the united tyranny of kings and priests. They live

'in low, ruinous, confined hovels, whose half demolished roofs afford a passage, through which the lamentations of want and misfortune ascend to the skies.'

'In general the horrors of misery encompass the people of Lisbon on all sides. Want degrades them; languor consumes them; labour exhausts them; an ignominious state of mendicancy is the only resource for an immense multitude of persons, who have spent two-thirds of their lives in fruitlessly tormenting their existence.'

Mendicity seems to have fixed its abode in Lisbon; the government makes no effort to restrain it; indeed it is in a great measure the vitiated product of the government which generates idleness and want.

The state of the prisons in Lisbon, which is in unison with the unrelenting tyranny of the government, must excite the indignation and the sorrow of the reflective and humane. Persons of all descriptions and conditions are confined together in a mass. The place of confinement has often no other aperture than the door, which is opened only for a few moments every day, or a small window which is almost choked up by a double grate. Here the unfortunate persons breathe a stagnant and noxious air; and lie on no other bed than a heap of straw, which is not changed more than once a year.

'These unhappy beings, from the moment of their entrance into these prisons, are totally cut off from society; they are not suffered to have any communication with their legal counsellors; they have not even the satisfaction of being able to transmit requests, remon-

strances, vindications, to their superiors who have caused them to be confined, or to the judges who are to determine upon their cases.

'They are never visited by any magistrate, commissioner, or officer that has the superintendence of the police of the prisons: they are left entirely to the mercy of a gaoler, who is always unfeeling towards those who are unable to pay for their complaisance, which, however, is always the case for a considerable time.

'As soon as they are in prison they are forgotten. If their imprisonment is intended only for correction, the term of its duration is never fixed; it is arbitrary, and left to the memory or caprice of him who has decreed it. If they are accused of any crime, their detention lasts still longer; sometimes a year elapses before the examination of their cause commences, and four or five years always intervene before it is decided.

'No provision whatever is made for the subsistence of these prisoners. Those among them that have no money to purchase victuals, (and they are always the majority) sometimes pass two or three days without having any thing to eat; they have no other resource except what they derive from the occasional alms (always precarious, and always inadequate to the number of famishing prisoners) which some charitable souls send into the depth of their dungeons.'

Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil the Portuguese are indebted to foreigners for the larger part of their subsistence. The country is said hardly to produce more corn than is sufficient for the consumption of three months. Pot-herbs are scarce, and there is a deficiency even of esculent vegetables. Thus does the despotism of government paralyze the active powers of man!

Nothing can more clearly show the moral degradation of the Portuguese than this simple fact, that false-witnesses may be had in Lisbon for half-a-crown a head. 'This is their established price, and every body knows it.'

'They say, they affirm, they swear whatever the party that employs them pleases. They are always ready, they know every person, though he come from Japan; they are acquainted with every fact; though it have happened in China. It is sufficient to give them their lesson well, either verbally or in writing, and they will repeat it faithfully in the face of the Judges, and of the justice of a God who hears them.

'A new crusado, or about half a crown, is their price for each false oath; it is an established price and there is no bargaining. They are paid in advance, but they are faithful to their engagement.

'The end of a handkerchief is their token; a person cannot be deceived in it, but may boldly address any one whom he sees with the end of a handkerchief hanging out of his pocket; he is sure that he speaks to a false witness.

'All Lisbon is acquainted with these practices; the courts are acquainted with them; the judges themselves know the persons of all these false witnesses; they see them appear every day before them, adding perjury to perjury, giving evidence in all manner of cases: nevertheless they admit their oaths, pay regard to their depositions, instead of treating them as they deserve. It is in vain that the scandal is evident, it is in vain that the public voice exclaims against so revolting an abuse; they remain unpunished, and the abuse is perpetuated.'

This Picture of Lisbon is on the whole an interesting performance, and it deserves an attentive perusal not only from the curious details which it contains, but from the striking proofs which it exhibits of the numerous and portentous evils of a despotic government! Will Portugal be benefited by the return of the house of Braganza from the Brazils?

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ART. VII.—*An Exposition of the Practice of affusing Cold Water on the Surface of the Body, as a Remedy for the Cure of Fever: to which are added, Remarks on the Effect of cold Drink, and of Gestation in the open Air in certain Conditions of that Disease. By Robert Jackson, M.D. Svo. Murray. 1808.*

NEARLY a hundred of the first pages of this volume are occupied by the author in establishing his own claim to the introduction of the cold affusion in British practice; and in controverting and commenting on some remarks introduced by the late Dr. Currie, into the fourth edition of his 'Medical Reports on the Effects of Water.' With regard to his former claims on this subject, justice to Dr. Jackson obliges us to acknowledge that he has brought indisputable evidence of his having used the affusion at a very early period, certainly before the experiment of Dr. Wright, which formed the foundation of Dr. Currie's system. Dr. Jackson states that he employed cold bathing in fevers in the year 1774, and he introduced it into the hospitals of the British army in 1793. Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, has given Dr. Jackson a copy of notes written by himself (Dr. Jackson) on the fever of Jamaica, and now in the professor's possession. How they came into his hands we have not time to say. But we find in them the following strong expressions. In *continued fevers*, as Dr. J. observed at that time:

'The cold bath, properly managed, promises fairly to attain this end. In the few cases where I have seen it tried, it produced the



most amazing effects. It promoted sweat, procured rest, and gave such strength and vigour to the system, that a patient, who before it was applied could not raise his head from the pillow without shaking and fainting, was able next day to walk all about the room. In a word, it seems to be a remedy fit to do every thing in this case, if the sensibility of the system be not very much impaired, and even then more may be expected from it than from any other we know.

The fragment from which this extract is made, was written in Jamaica, and necessarily written not later than the year 1777; as the Doctor informs us that he left the West Indies early in 1778 to serve with the king's troops in America. He therefore used the cold affusion at least as early as Dr. Wright, and recorded the effects of the practice much earlier. So far then, we must allow that Dr. Jackson has shewn successfully, what he gravely, and in language somewhat ludicrous, assures us is a matter of importance,

'that a person who stands before the public as a counsellor on the subject of human health, standeth clear of all suspicion on the score of veracity and candour.'

It seems not very happily timed for Dr. Jackson to enter into the field of controversy when his opponent has been withdrawn by death from the power of replication. But we may fairly presume that these remarks were written during the life-time of Dr. Currie; and we must add that they are not tinctured with asperity, nor do they contain any thing that can be construed into a deviation from the tenderness and respect due to the memory of a meritorious individual. Dr. Jackson has strictly confined himself to self-defence; and to the giving such explanations as may remove ambiguity from his own sentiments and opinions.

Dr. Currie considered the heat of the surface as the best guide for the affusion; and its efficacy to depend on the reduction of the temperature. This was at least simple and intelligible. But Dr. Jackson is not satisfied with it, but has certain rules or principles of his own for which he does not claim this species of praise; since he expressly avows that it is not readily to be comprehended even by regular professors. Let him then explain it himself:

'The ground on which I act is different. The fundamental condition on which I rest is by no means so obvious, or capable of being so precisely measured by the help of an instrument as that assumed in the Medical Reports; but it is a general condition capable of improvement; almost of creation. It in fact consists, or is supposed to consist in a condition necessary to animal life; viz.

susceptibility of impression. The subject as susceptible is more or less readily disposed to be acted upon; and, according to relative condition, more or less capable of assuming a new form of action with the application of a new power of stimulation, whatever be his temperature. As susceptibilities are different in degree and different in kind, it is evident that, to judge the degree or kind, requires in all cases the exercise of judgment. If the judgment formed on this head be wrong, we cannot expect the practical effect to be right; for just effect follows, on every occasion, a just estimate of the power of the agent, and capacity of the subject acted upon. Hence I conclude that, as susceptibility of impression is variously affected by the action of the febrile cause, and as cold water is only of a given force, the first practical step of the physician must be necessarily directed to the means of bringing susceptibility to a common level, so that the remedy may act with due impression throughout. This is my ground; and on this ground I institute a process of previous preparation, varied in its forms, and sometimes opposite in nature according to the circumstances of the case presented.

We conceive that Dr. Jackson infinitely overrates the powers of all external agents upon the human system. Susceptibility of impression is an inherent original condition of the animal system. It may exist in a great variety of degrees. In disease it fluctuates, and often in disease it is subject to alterations of intensity and depression. Often, too, it seems as it were suffocated; but we do not think it a condition capable of any radical improvement; still less do we think it capable of creation, except from the hands of the Creator.

We are not inclined to detract from the merit of those who have laboured to introduce the practice of cold ablu-tion in fevers. It would be to betray a criminal degree of scepticism to the weight of direct testimony, not to allow that it is a useful and beneficial practice: that it cools, refreshes, strengthens, and calms febrile irritation; and that the popular apprehensions of great danger, from a practice which carries some terror to an ordinary imagination, are wholly unfounded. But we are far from being satisfied that the cold ablu-tion possesses a proper anti-febrile power; and still less is our confidence in the accounts that are given us of its marvellous, and, as it were, miraculous powers. Our opinions of the causes of death in pure fevers is widely different from Dr. Jackson's, and prohibits us from indulging in sanguine expectation of the efficacy of any applications to the surface of the body. Fatal cases commonly disclose some great internal disorganization; as abscesses, mortification of the bowels, effusions upon the lungs, &c. How can it be supposed possible that washing the body with water

can prevent injuries of such magnitude from producing their natural and almost inevitable consequences? It is allowed that there are cases in which the effect of the affusion is not to be depended upon, though applied in an early stage. (See p. 25 of this work.) And there are cases in which the most powerful and best adapted remedies, applied at the earliest period, are equally nugatory. In these the susceptibility of impression (to use the Doctor's phrase) is not simply depressed, but irreparably injured. The vital flame is sunk so low that the attempts to fan it, or to increase it by the addition of fresh fuel, serve only completely to extinguish it with the greater speed and certainty.

Many of the cases of the extraordinary efficacy of the cold affusion, by proving a great deal too much, destroy the credit of the practice they are intended to recommend. We meet in the volume before us with tales of patients being in the agony of death to-day, and walking comfortably about their rooms to-morrow. We will select the following example, not because it is the most in point, but because it is the shortest.

'A boy, aged fourteen, had been ill of a fever seven or eight days. Nothing had been omitted in point of treatment which is usual to be done in similar cases. Bark and wine had been carried as far as could be serviceable, or even safe, yet death seemed to be approaching fast. The success of cold bathing, in some instances similar to the present, had so far exceeded my expectation that I was induced to make trial of it in the case before me, although I was not altogether without apprehension that death might be the consequence of the attempt. The business was, however, accomplished without accident; and next day the boy was able not only to sit up in bed but even to walk over the floor.'

If such a history proves any thing, it is that the disease was unattended with danger, and was probably terminated by a natural crisis. It requires to be very little versed in the history of diseases to know that such occurrences are to be met with every day, where no affusion has been practised, nor any powerful medicine employed. It may be very natural for the surrounding ignorant spectators to be affected with surprize at these changes, and to ascribe the whole to the doctor, or the last drug that was swallowed: but we should have been better contented with a faithful journal of the effects of the ablution continued for six or eight successive days, than with twenty histories of sudden and surprizing cures performed by it.

Dr. Jackson, we say, seems to us excessively to overrate the powers of art, and to misapprehend its object.

Though his language is involved, obscure, and redundant, yet, we believe, his real meaning is obvious enough; every sentence is a kind of problem; but the solution is not always worth the trouble we are obliged to take to arrive at it. He observes,

‘It is evident to the simplest understanding that organic action is not, and cannot be produced without an impulse of direct stimulation, or change of condition in the subject, which amounts to stimulation; so, it is equally clear, and supported on similar grounds, that no action or circle of actions, when moved into this artificial train, and maintained in it in the manner implied, can be checked or controuled in the vigour of its course, without an impression from a cause of a new and contrary nature to that which moved it originally, and which still continues to support it. And further, as the power of the cause which moves the act must, in all cases, be proportionate to the need of the occasion, it presents itself as an obvious inference from the supposition that the leading indication for the cure of fever must necessarily consist in the adjustment and application of a remedy, of a stronger power of impression than that of a morbid cause; and which, while stronger in power, is at the same time so constituted in its nature that, while it acts by arresting the cause of the disturbed and perverted movement in which the disease consists, it may also, by a mode of impression connected with its properties, move the parts into such particular form of contact, as to favour the commencement of actions analogous with those which obtain in health; at least, it may be supposed to produce, in consequence of the arrest alluded to, such a state of balance in the conditions of the subject, that the powers which stimulate action in its healthy forms, and which maintain it in vigour in ordinary circumstances, may be so presented, and so received in the case in question, as to exert their force without impediment and without hindrance: consequently, may be so directed as to restore the customary train of action in all its extent, and to support it in all its parts with vigour.’

This is an admirable specimen of the false profound. Surely never were so many words crowded together to express a very plain thing, if indeed we are not paying too great a compliment to our own discernment in presuming that we understand it. Not that we pretend to do so completely. What, for example, is the meaning of ‘moving the parts into a particular form of contact,’ we will fairly confess that we do not in the least comprehend. But taken as a whole, we fancy that it is no more than a circuitous method of expressing the old aphorism, ‘that contraries must be opposed to contraries.’ Thus, if the body be heated, cooling medicines must be used; if it be too cold it must be heated; if the circulation be accelerated it must be lowered; if it be de-

pressed it must be stimulated, and so forth. This is all very well upon paper. But unfortunately its execution is by far more difficult than might be supposed from the readiness with which it is enjoined. The human machine is not a clock or a watch, the movements of which are regulated by the hands of the artist. We cannot take out the wheels, nor put in a new string. A little cleaning we can occasionally give it; and accelerate or slacken a little its movements. But fortunately the human machine has one property of which the watch or the clock is destitute. If it is out of order, it has the knack of repairing itself. This it possesses in so great a degree, as to make perfectly ridiculous, the wretched tinkering attempts of ignorant medicasters. Nay, so resolute and determined is nature, that she will often keep straight forward, in spite of the utmost effects of drug-mongers to divert her from her course.

It is obvious that these principles, so solemnly laid down by Dr. Jackson, are not appropriated peculiarly to fevers, but are rather of universal application, and are quite as suitable to one disorder as to another. It would have therefore seemed right to show how both the main remedy of affusion, and its preparatory and auxiliary measures should have any peculiar relation to the altered condition of the system called fever; how they either extinguished its causes or counteracted the effects of these causes. For certainly the applications used being general, and the deviations from healthy action in the human body being multiform and infinite, it must be one of the most singular accidents in nature, if it should be really true that these few general applications, as bleeding, warm and cold bathing, or purging, should be precisely suited, and act with a sort of specific power upon the peculiar train of symptoms called fever. Not that the thing is wholly incredible. The examples of the cinchona in intermittents, and of mercury in syphilis, show that there are in nature substances with specific powers. But be it remembered, that the experience of more than three thousand years has detected only these two, unless we add the use of sulphur in the itch. And we have often regarded the effects of these applications as a species of miracle. But before we can admit similar powers in any other substances, or in any other modes of treatment, we expect the most clear, reiterated, and unexceptionable evidence, such as most unquestionably we in vain look for in the work before us.

Our readers will readily perceive that we are not convinced that the cold affusion, though it may be a salutary, safe, and grateful practice, possesses any proper anti-febrile power,



and still less that bleedings and purgatives either possess that, or what Dr. Jackson attributes to them—the power of producing susceptibility of impression. And we must be contented to be numbered with “the generality of medical readers,” (vid. p. 232.) to whom the practice of bleeding in the common fever of our climate seems highly exceptionable. Though we reverence highly the authority of Sydenham, we do not pay much regard to the history which Dr. J. has extracted from his works in support of this practice. The story was not originally founded upon proper medical evidence; the opinion formed upon it was thrown out as a suggestion, at an early period of the author’s practice; it was never acted upon by him; nor does it seem to have obtained the approbation of his later years and more mature judgment. As little do we regard the account of the success of Lieutenant Douglas, related in the 101st page of this work. This is not a time of day, in which discoveries with regard to the utility, or the rules of bleeding, in common diseases, will be made by navy lieutenants, nor by army surgeons, no nor by Dr. Jackson himself. It is idle to bring tales from St. Domingo in behalf of what may and has been settled in the practice of every hospital and of every physician, and almost of every apothecary in the kingdom. If we were to believe our author, by proper and timely bleedings, the yellow fever might be divested of its fatality. But the experience of the trans-atlantic physicians, who are as bold practitioners, though not quite such resolute theorists, as our author, is in direct contradiction to this opinion.

If we object to, we will not say the indiscriminate use of the lancet, (for that Dr. Jackson does not recommend) but, to its frequent use in our common fever, still higher is our disapprobation of the lavish mode in which blood is directed to be drawn away. “It is not to be measured by ounces, but by effect.” It may be taken to fainting. If the patient faints no proper judgment can be formed of its effect; because the arteries ceasing to act, and sensation being abolished, there must be a necessary cessation of diseased action and feeling. But such a rule implies, that the effect of bleeding is not obtained, if it be not perceived immediately. Nothing can be more false. Even in inflammatory complaints, the effect of bleeding is often not felt till a few hours after the operation: and therefore common prudence dictates, that having done what the urgency of symptoms seems to require, a due pause should be made before proceeding with measures which nothing but necessity justifies. How much stronger is the propriety of this caution in a fever, where the symptoms of violent action are usually transitory, and the great

apprehension is from debility towards the termination of the fever? If indeed we were persuaded, that bleeding would truly cure the fever, if it would really kill the snake in the shell, we should gladly change our opinion. But we have not a tittle of evidence, that it possesses any such power. And therefore we believe it would be a safer rule to avoid it entirely, in our common fever, than to use it profusely, and therefore, we fear, injuriously.

We wish that Dr. Jackson had instead of giving us a series of speculations, of which we do not think very highly, added to our stock of facts with regard to the proper treatment of fever. We are willing to give him every credit for zeal and good intentions. But we think him ambitious of assuming a station, to which he has no claim. He conceives himself a profound reasoner, and takes upon him the tone and manner of a discoverer. His reasoning is commonly a mere wordy jargon, in which he seems to bewilder himself, and to puzzle his reader to very little good purpose. We will not say that he does not possess knowledge. But undoubtedly, no writer was ever more unfortunate in the attempt to communicate it to others.

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ART. VIII.—*The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-nook.* By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of *Elementary Principles of Education, Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, &c. &c.* Cadell and Davies. 1808.

THE name of Miss Elizabeth Hamilton would alone be sufficient to recommend the book before us; and we anticipated a work of great merit and use even before we had read a line. But we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of a careful perusal, and were highly delighted with the contents. In pointing out the vices of sloth and indolence Miss H. has most happily blended her little story of Mrs. Mason with much sweetness, good sense, and sound morality. The characters are drawn to the life, with much force of outline, and with a delicate discrimination in the colouring. She has also so well accommodated her language and her advice as to render it most generally and most singularly serviceable to her countrymen and countrywomen. They must blush at the hastiness and indolence which she so well depicts; and from the known good sense of the Scots, and from their indefatigable perseverance in well doing for themselves, they will, no doubt, shortly become as clean and as neat in their farm-

yards, in their dairies, and their houses as their southern neighbours. The improvement of agriculture is rapidly advancing, and when the benefit of good husbandry also is seen, the Highlander will throw away that terrible laziness which they show when exertion is necessary, and which even in their manners renders them so disgusting. Mrs. Mason is represented as a servant, who, after spending her youth in various situations in the family of a nobleman, returns with her small earnings (on his death) to spend the remainder of her days in her own country; where she purposes to board with an only relation in the village of Glenburnie. The habits, the tempers, the national resemblances, the personal peculiarities, of these people, and the mode in which they live, are most admirably described. We will, therefore, extract such parts of this tale as we have no doubt will afford our readers as much pleasure as they have imparted to ourselves.

Mrs. Mason sets out with a very amiable party, Mr. Stewart, his daughter, and three sons, who lived at Gowanbrae, for Glenburnie on an Irish car.

'They had not proceeded many paces out of the turnpike-road which brings them to the road that turns to the glen of Glenburnie, until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other that one would suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid Burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze. If the reader is a traveller he must know, and if he is a speculator in canals he must regret that rivers have in general a trick of running out of the straight line. But, however, they may in this resemble the moral conduct of man; it is but doing justice to these favourite children of nature, to observe that, in all their wanderings, each stream follows the strict injunctions of its parent, and never for a moment loses its original character. That our Burn had a character of its own, no one who saw its spirited career could possibly have denied. It did not, like the lazy and luxuriant streams, which glide through the fertile valleys of the south, turn and wind in listless apathy, as if it had no other object than the gratification of enmity or caprice. Alert and impetuous, and persevering, it even from its infancy dashed onward, proud and resolute; and no sooner met with a rebuff from the rocks on one side of the glen, than it flew indignant to the other, frequently awakening the echoes by the noise of its wild career. Its complexion was untinged by the fat of the soil; for in truth, the soil had no fat to throw away. But little as it owed to nature, and still less as it was indebted to cultivation, it

had clothed itself in many shades of verdure. The hazel, the birch, and the mountain-ash, were not only scattered in profusion through the bottom, but in many places clomb to the very tops of the hills. The meadows and corn fields, indeed, seemed very evidently to have been encroachments made by stealth on the sylvan reign: for none had *their outlines* marked with mathematical precision, in which the modern improver so much delights. Not a straight line was to be seen in Glenburnie. The very plough moved in curves; and though much cannot be said of the richness of the crops, the ridges certainly waved with all the grace and pride of beauty.

Mrs. Mason and the daughter of Mr. Stewart were quite enchanted with the scenery. But our author says,

‘ Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions, which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiating upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on, from year to year, without making any effort to repair it. “How little trouble would it cost,” said he, “to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill.” There are enough idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work, and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.’

This is a specimen (Mr. Stewart gives us) of Scotch charity that does away a good deal of that wholesome doctrine of which we are old-fashioned enough to be very fond; ‘to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to do to all men as we would they should do to us.’ After this observation of Mr. Stewart, they alighted to avoid a part of the road that from negligence had become dangerous, and a little further, at the foot of a short precipice, taking a sudden turn discovered to them a disaster which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of a bridge along which it had been passing.

‘ Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it, was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance, so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth. At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse were seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine, whether by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes,

the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow, exclaiming, "Come on, ye muckle brute! Ye had as wee'l come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now."

"As the last words were uttered a little fellow of about ten years of age, was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him with all his might a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper. "You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart, "how did all this happen?" "You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy; the brig brak, and the cart couppet." "And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart.

"O aye, we a'couppet thegither, for I was riding on his back." "And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?" "Whar sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinne ye ken that we're taken in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a wook syne, be we're ayahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some half-pence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on *stepping* at their usual pace.

"Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think," (pointing to where it had given way) "If you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired?"—"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it *would do weel enough*. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen." "But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the Glen should be the better for it."

"Aye, sir," said one of the men, "that's spoken like yourself; would every body follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I'll work at your bidding, till it be *prit mirk*."—"Well," said Mr. Stewart, "bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barnyard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean."—"O yes, sir," said the farmer grinning, "we ken what ye mean weel enough; and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice ow're them since they



laid there; and often said they sud be set by, but we *coudne be fashed.*"

The planks are brought, and the bridge is made good as new, only wanting a little gravel, for which Mr. Stewart offers to re-imburse the farmer, if he will make it complete. But the only answer the good gentleman can obtain, is

"ay, ay, we'll do't in time, but I'se warrant *it 'ill do weel enugh.*"

Miss Hamilton then conducts us to the village which she describes, and Mrs. Mason soon finds her cousin, John M'Clarty's cottage, the picture of which we will give in her own words :

"It must be confessed, that the aspect of the dwelling, where she was to fix her residence, was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial, built like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill. On the other and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling. At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, who always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr. Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs. Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold.

"But there an unforeseen danger awaited her, for there the great whey-pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made; and was at the present moment filled with chickens, who were busily picking at the bits of curd, which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Mason unfortunately stumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way through the pallin (or inner door) into the house. The accident was attended with no farther bad consequences, than a little hurt upon the shins, and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but though they found the door of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs. M'Clarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age."

After the first welcome, Miss Hamilton gives us the following specimen of Scotch cleanliness at the *tea table*, and of obstinacy in the daughters of Mrs. M'Clarty, the latter

being bustling about in getting on the kettle and sweeping the hearth, Miss Mary Stewart observes,

"I think you might make your daughters save you that trouble;" looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall. "O poor things," said their mother, they have not been used to it; they have eneugh of time for work yet." "Depend upon it," said Mrs. Mason, "young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself." "Indeed she's of a stately growth," said Mrs. M'Clarty, pleased with the observation, "and Jenny there is little abint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that! In time I warrant they'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes." "And does she not like to do all she can?" said Mrs. Mason. "O we manna complain," returned the mother, "she does weel eneugh."

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours; theirs being so whitened up, that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty band upon them, without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people in that station, to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

Miss Mary Stewart took upon herself the trouble of making tea, and began the operation by rincing the cups and saucers through warm water; at which Mrs. M'Clarty was so far from being offended, that the moment she perceived her intention, she stept to a huge Dutch press, and having with some difficulty opened the leaves, took from a store of nice linen, which it presented to their view, a fine damask napkin, of which she begged her to make use.

"You have a noble stock of linen, cousin," said Mrs. Mason. "Few farmers houses in England could produce the like; but I think this is rather too fine for common use." "For common use!" cried Mrs. M'Clarty, "na, na, we're no sic fools as put our napery to use! I have a dozen table-claithes in that press, thirty years old, that were never laid upon a table. They are a' o'my mother's spinning. I have nine o'my ain makin' forty that never saw the sun but at the bookin washing. Ye need na be telling us o'England!" "It is no doubt a good thing" said Mrs. Mason, "to have a good stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I confess I think the labour unprofitably em-

ployed, which during thirty years, is to produce no advantage, and that linen of an inferior quality would be preferable, as it would certainly be much more useful. A towel of nice clean huck-a-back would wipe a cup as well, and better than a damask napkin." "Towels?" cried Mrs. M'Clarty, "na, na, we manna pretend to towels, we just wipe up the things wi what comes in the gait." On saying this the good woman to shew how exactly she practised what she spoke, pulled out from between the seed tub and her husband's dirty shoes (which stood beneath the bench by the fire side,) a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter. "There," says she, "I am sure ye'll say that ye never ate better butter in your life. There's no in a' Glenburnie better kye than our's. I hope ye'll eat heartily, and I'm sure ye're heartily welcome." "Look, sister," cried little William, "see there the marks of a thumb and two fingers! do scrape it off, it is so nasty!" "Dear me," said Mrs. M'Clarty, "I did na mind that I had been stirring the fire, and my hands were a' wee sooty, but it will soon scrape off, there's a dirty knife will take it off in a minute." "Stop, stop," cried Miss Mary, "that knife will only make it worse! pray let me manage it."

From this specimen our readers may perhaps be quite satisfied that neatness and Mrs. M'Clarty had never shaken hands. Yet we cannot forbear one more extract on the same subject from this most excellent tale. When Mrs. Mason came down the next morning, which she did before she quite finished dressing (merely to inquire for a very useful piece of furniture, a wash-hand bason)

'she found Meg and Jean (Mrs. M'Clarty's two daughters of *stately growth*) the former standing at the table, from which the porridge-dishes seemed to have been just removed; the latter killing flies at the window. Mrs. Mason addressed herself to Meg, and, after a courteous good-morrow, asked her where she should find a hand-bason? "I dinna ken," said Meg, drawing her finger through the milk that had been spilled upon the table. "Where is your mother?" asked Mrs. Mason. "I dinna ken," returned Meg, continuing to dabble her hands through the remaining fragments of the feast. "If you are going to clean that table," said Mrs. Mason, "you will give yourself more work than you need by daubing it all over with the porridge; bring your cloth, and I shall show you how I learned to clean tables when I was a girl like you." Meg continued to make lines with her fore-finger. "Come," said Mrs. Mason, "shall I teach you?" "Na," said Meg, "I sal dight nane o't, I'm gain' to school." "But that need not hinder you to wipe up the table before you go," said Mrs. Mason. "You might have cleaned it up as bright as a looking-glass in the time that you have spent in spattering it, and dirtying your fingers. Would it not be pleasanter for you to make it clean than to leave it dirty?" "I'll no be at the fash," returned Meg, making off to the door as she spoke. Before she got out, she was met by her mother,

who, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Are you no awa yet bairns! I never saw the like. Sic a fight to get you to the *schul*! Nae wonder ye learn little, when you'r at it. Gae awa like good bairns; for there's nae schulin the morn ye ken, its the fair-day."

Miss however, sets off, but the good mother, seeing her other daughter at her murderous work at the window exclaims,

"Dear me! what's the matter wi' the bairn! What for wonna ye gang when Meg's gaue? Rin, and ye'll be after her or she wins to the end o' the loan." "I'm no ga'an the day," says Jean, turning away her face. "And what fore are no ye ga'an, my dear?" says the mother. "Cause I hinna gotten my questions," replied Jean. "O but ye might gang for a'that," said her mother; "the master will no be angry. Gang, like a gude bairn."

However, Miss Jean holds out against her mother's soothing and threats, and continues catching flies, and replying the lesson was,

"Unco kittle, and she could not be *fashed*." After some good advice from Mrs. Mason, she makes her wants known to Mrs. M'Clarty, who replies, "Dear me! I'm sure you're weel enough. Your hands ha' nae need of washing, I trow. Ye ne'er do a turn to sile them." "You can't surely be in earnest," returned Mrs. Mason; "Do you think I could sit down to breakfast with unwashed hands? I never heard of such a thing, and never saw it done in my life." "I see nae gude o'sic nicety," returned her friend; "but its easy to gie ye water enough, though I am sure I dinna ken what to put it in, unless ye take ane o' the porridge-plates; or may be the *calf's luggie* may do better, for it will gie you enough o' room." "Your own bason will do better than either," said Mrs. Mason. "Give me the loan of it for this morning, and I shall return it immediately, as you must doubtless often want it through the day." "Na, na," returned Mrs. M'Clarty, "I dinna fash wi' sae mong fykes. There's ay water standing in something or other, for ane to ca their hands through when they're blacket. The gudeman, indeed, is a wee conceity like yoursel, an he coft a brown bason for his shaving in on Saturdays, but its in use a' the week haddin' milk, or I'm sure ye'd be welcome to it. I sall see an' get it ready for you the morn."

Our readers will not be surprized that Mrs. Mason preferred the '*calf's luggie*.' We could have much pleasure in transcribing more from Miss Hamilton's Cottagers, but our limits will not allow it. The family of M'Clarty are most ably contrasted with that of William and Peggy Morrison: and we are gratified with some excellent instructions to parents on indulgence, and some valuable strictures on education. We do not give the story, but those who read it must be devoid of sensibility if they do not sympathize with the tender and anguished feelings of the dying M'Clarty for his son's disobedience, and with the transient sensation of joy which

he experiences on seeing the poor prodigal return, though for a moment, to receive his forgiveness and his blessing. Every parent must feel an exquisite interest in this well-drawn scene. Some of the remarks which Miss Hamilton makes on Methodism are so just that we cannot forbear making another extract. In speaking of the *godly fraternity*, she says,

"As far as my knowledge extends I have observed pride to be the ruling principle with all those pretenders to extraordinary sanctity. "Ah, Madam," said Mr. Gourlay, "pride is a powerful adversary; it never fails to find out the weak part, and is often in possession of the fortress while we are employing all our care to guard the out-works. If these enthusiasts do some good, chief, by leading weak people into error, they likewise are, I doubt not, in some instances, the means of exciting us, who are the regular shepherds of the flock, to greater vigilance, they will do much good." "Pardon me, Sir," said Mrs. Mason, "but indeed I have seen so much malignity, so much self-conceit and presumption among these professors of evangelical righteousness, that I should suppose their doctrines were at war with the pure morality of the gospel." "The spirit of party must be ever adverse to the spirit of the gospel," replied Mr. Gourlay, "and in as far as sects are particularly liable to be infected by party spirit, in so far are they injurious to the Christian cause. But, to confess the truth, the church, as by law established, is too often defended on the same narrow principles; nor, when the defence of it is made a party question, do I perceive any difference in the fruits. In both instances they equally taste of pride, the parent tree." "But is it not proper to expose the errors into which these visionaries betray weak minds?" returned Mrs. Mason. "Very proper," said Mr. Gourlay. "So that it be done in the spirit of charity. Calmly and wisely to point out the source of bigotry and enthusiasm, were an employment worthy of superior talents; but men of superior talents feel too much contempt for weakness to undertake the task, or at least to execute it in such a manner as to answer any good purpose. Men of talents pour upon these enthusiasts the shafts of ridicule, and attack their doctrines with all the severity of censure; but they forget that all enthusiasts glory in persecution. It is in the storm that men most firmly grasp the cloak that wraps them, whatever be its shape. Would we induce them to let go their hold, we must take other methods; we must shew them we can approve as well as censure; and that it is not because we envy the eclat of their superior zeal, or are jealous of their success in making converts, but because we honestly think they have taken an erroneous view of the subjects in question, that we venture to oppose them. Difficult, I confess, it is to gain access to minds that are imbued with a high opinion of their own superior sanctity, and wrapped in the panoply of self-conceit; but I am convinced that much might have been done to stop the progress of methodism, by setting forth, in strong and lively terms, the sin and danger of exalting any one point of the Christian doctrine, so as to make it pr-



eminent, to the disparagement of the other gospel truths, and to the exclusion of the gospel virtues."

The present performance merits a very extensive circulation, particularly in the latitude of North Britain, where it may be perused with such important benefits. The next time we travel into that part of the island, we trust, that we shall be indebted to the literary labours of Miss Hamilton for more cleanliness in the inns, and for more neatness and comfort in the general domestic arrangements of the people. Though the filthy habits of the men and women of North Britain have certainly experienced a considerable diminution within the last fifty years, yet those who are acquainted with the state of Scotland, as it now is, and have been able to contrast it with that of their southern neighbours, know that many improvements may yet be introduced into their *household modes*, which would contribute greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants themselves, as well as of those whom curiosity or business causes to travel among them. Habitudes of neatness and cleanliness cannot be dis severed from those of genuine industry, and both are ingredients of no small proportions and no trivial value in the composition of virtue. The degree of domestic cleanliness, neatness, and management, will seldom be found to constitute an erring criterion of the quantum of virtue in a private family, at least in the female part of it: and the moral scale which is adapted to private families is not inapplicable to a nation, which is only a collection of families. Miss Hamilton merits most transcendant praise for making the fictitious narrative of a novel subservient to the increase of cleanliness and of industry, of individual comfort and national civilization.

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ART. IX.—*A Discourse, by Thomas Falconer, M.A. of Corpus Christi College; preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 5, 1808. 4to. pp. 30. Hatchard.*

MR. Falconer contends with considerable cogency and acuteness, that what is called the *gunpowder-plot* was not the contrivance of Cecil, but was actually begun and conducted by the Catholics, to whom it is commonly ascribed. James I. whose kingly pride had been shocked by the republican spirit of the reformers, seems early to have resigned some of the prejudices with which that party had endeavoured to inspire him against the Catholics. Hence that

ancient body of religionists had been treated by James with unusual lenity during his Scottish reign. When James ascended the throne of England that event must have tended to excite the hopes of the Catholics, and the fears of the Protestants. It was natural, therefore, that the wise council of Elizabeth, who were so well acquainted with the intriguing spirit and enterprising restlessness of the papists of those days, should be anxious to alienate the affections of their new master from that busy sect, and to convince him that the protestant interest constituted the only real security of his throne. Impressed with the necessity of this measure, and, like *true statesmen*, not being very scrupulous about the means of effecting it, it is not unlikely that they might have fabricated even the gunpowder-plot, which from its aggravated iniquity and accumulated horrors, was calculated to make such a sensible impression on the fears both of the king and of the nation, as would most effectually estrange both from any favourable disposition towards the catholics. But there is no direct evidence that this was the case: the proof at best does not advance beyond the line of specious probability. But the proof, on the other side, is more circumstantial, more positive, personal and direct. Still, however, there are difficulties in the case, and if we were to undertake to sum up the evidence on both sides there would be several ambiguous particulars which would plunge us in doubt, and make us fluctuate in indecision. But even allowing that the catholics were the real authors of the plot, and that, irritated to find the hopes of tolerance frustrated which they thought that the good-will of James would realize, they had determined to put an end to his person and his government, and to destroy all the legislative and executive authorities of the kingdom at one blow; allowing all this, is it fair to make it an argument either for the proscription of the catholics of the present day, or for their exclusion from places of trust and power? Are we justified in thus visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children? or, rather the enormities of a few individuals two centuries ago, on a large and respectable body of religionists, who are as little implicated either in principle or in practice, in the transactions of those days, as the present presbyterians are in the gothic violence of the Calvinistic Knox and his infuriate adherents? Mr. Falconer does not expressly draw this inference; but he appears to have been anxious to establish the fact of the gunpowder-plot against the catholics of 1605, in order that it might be applied as an '*argumentum ad invidiam*,' against the catholics of 1808. Mr. Falconer says that 'it is not easy to ascertain what tenets'

the catholics 'now profess,' and that 'they are more ready to declare what they *do not* than what they *do* believe.' But, when the catholics are charged with maintaining certain obnoxious tenets, and when those tenets are made the express reason for excluding them from any pretension to certain places of trust and power, is it not more requisite that they should, in order to shew the injustice and oppression which they endure, make us acquainted with the tenets which they do not hold, than with those which they do; with the maxims which they deny, than with those which they profess? The catholics do expressly and solemnly disavow those pernicious tenets which are so generally imputed to them by calumny and by prejudice, as that '*no faith is to be kept with heretics,*' &c. &c. If the catholics therefore do not hold any tenets which can endanger the safety of a protestant government, what right have we to pry into the harmless mysteries of their belief, or to require them to explain the arcana of transubstantiation? As long as they do not hold any opinions which may not safely be held by good and loyal subjects, this is all that the present government is concerned to know; and when this is known, is not their exclusion from those posts of honourable ambition, to which the way is open to other subjects, who are not more wise nor more loyal than they, not only invidious, but oppressive and unjust? We will say in the sentiment, if not in the words of the amiable and enlightened Bishop of Norwich, that, if catholics did hold such opinions as are falsely imputed to them, they would deserve to be hunted like wild beasts out of the pale of civilized society. But, if catholicism does not oppose any stronger barrier to the agency of the moral sentiments in the heart, than the tenets of any other sect, why are they singled out for the marks of scorn, for the objects of disgrace, and for the victims of persecution? But Mr. Falconer says, that if the catholics reject some of what were formerly esteemed

'the most momentous articles of their creed; as the supremacy and infallibility of the Roman pontiff, it is probable that the other parts of a religion which is founded so deeply on the derived personal authority of its teachers, retain but a slight hold on the minds of men thus liberal and enlightened; and that, whilst we seem to have the opinion of the scientific and literati, we have, perhaps, mistaken for it the levity and relaxed conduct of a band of *sceptics and scoffers.*'

There is something not only so illiberal but so unjust in this latter inference that we cannot let it pass without se-

vere animadversion. How, we will ask, does it follow that because the catholics have gotten rid of those opinions which are erroneous, they have, at the same time, discarded those which are true? Are truth and error so identified in the mind of a catholic that he cannot part with one without losing the other? Can he not renounce the infallibility of the pope without at the same time denying the authority of Christ? The moment his intellect acquires force to dissipate the superstitious delusions of the popish church, must his heart become insensible to the moral precepts of the gospel? Must he become a sceptic and a scoffer because he is no longer a fanatic and a dupe? Must the sentiments of piety and virtue be erased in proportion as those of credulity, of bigotry, and ignorance disappear?

But notwithstanding these symptoms, in Mr. Falconer, of narrow-mindedness and prejudice, where the catholics are concerned, we discover, in other parts of his sermon, sentiments worthy of an enlightened advocate for civil liberty. There are indeed some expressions in it which would, not many years ago, have startled the ears of a *tory* audience in St. Mary's. But we hope that the good doctors, to whom we bear a sincere respect, as the venerable fathers of our *alma mater*, are in a state of excellent training to become *whigs* indeed! Would they otherwise have been such patient and admiring auditors while Mr. Falconer was talking of '*glorying in resistance to the sovereign*,' of '*recurring to the ancient forms of the constitution*,' of an ancient residuum of '*personal responsibility in the monarch*.' All this looks as if a great change were working in the heads of the doctors. We will do our best to promote so desirable an event, and to instil a true CATHOLIC spirit of civil liberty and of christian charity, not only into the bosoms of the doctors, but into those of the more docile under-graduates.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

## RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*A View of the Origin, Progress, and Discovery of Heathen Worship antecedently to the Christian Revelation.* By J. Thomas, of Warcham. 8vo. pp. 126. 4s. Bickerstaff. 1803.

IN this work Mr. Thomas has exhibited a brief view of the origin and progress of idolatry, which may be acceptable to those who have not leisure nor inclination to peruse larger and more elaborate performances. The style of Mr. Thomas has in general an air of stiffness like that of a person who is either translating the ideas of others, or who is himself not much habituated to composition.

ART. 11.—*Sermons on the practical Obligations of a Christian Life, for the Use of Families.* By the Rev. Theodore Robertson, LL. B. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 725. 14s. Crosby. 1808.

THESE sermons are not remarkable for correctness, for elegance, nor for harmony of diction ; but they are all of a useful and practical tendency, and there are few families which may not be solaced and improved by the perusal.

ART. 12.—*The New Whole Duty of Prayer, containing Fifty-six Family Prayers, suitable for Morning and Evening for every Day in the Week ; and a Variety of other Devotions and Thanksgivings for particular Persons, Circumstances, and Occasions.* 12mo. 4s. 6d. Scatcherd. 1809.

THIS work contains a change of prayers for the morning and evening of every day in the week for four weeks, with occasional prayers, with prayers for the use of particular persons, and with some thanksgivings for particular occasions. The great fault which we have to find with these prayers is that they abound in an unmeaning *verbiage*, while they are at the same time confined too much to general expressions, and do not descend to the particulars of our duty. This is indeed the fault of most prayers and most prayer-makers, with some, but with very few exceptions.

Of the *verbiage* we will take an instance from page 9 :

‘ With respect to ourselves we are unworthy of the least of all thy mercies ; for our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up into the heavens ; yea, we must confess that if thou shouldest lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, we should be confounded, and unable to lift up our face to thee, our God !’



In the first part of this wood of words, in the expressions '*our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up into the heavens,*' the petitioner asserts what is not true, and what cannot be true in any circumstances. Such metaphorical exaggeration always weakens the energy of prayer. Why could not the author have said in simple language, '*our sins are many and great.*' In the next passage, where the author talks of the *line* and the *plummet*, he represents God as exercising the office of a journeyman mason. The language in which we address the Maker of heaven and earth ought to be the most simple that can be employed. All rhetorical embellishments and inflations of phraseology or of sentiment, should be carefully excluded. Prayer is, in its true acceptation, *the heart speaking to him who knows the heart.* Consider this, ye tribe of religionists, and no longer besiege the heavens with your vain and senseless sounds!

### POLITICS.

ART. 13.—*The Arcanum of National Defence. By Hastatus. No Book-seller's Name. London. Christmas, 1808.*

THE present work is the production of J. T. Barber, Esq. major commanding the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters. We did not receive it till near the end of the month, when all the former sheets of our review were printed off, or we should have noticed it more at length, and in a manner more worthy of its importance in the present perilous crisis of the civilized world. We thought it, however, better to notice it immediately, though briefly, than to delay the mention of it till another month. As far as Spain is concerned in the adoption of the vigorous and apparently most efficacious system of defence, which is so ably recommended and so luminously explained by Major Barber, the lapse of only a few weeks may render her unable to profit by the plan, or to emerge, even by the help of the pike, from the abyss of hopeless servitude into which she may be plunged by the disciplined hosts of Bonaparte. We cannot, indeed, flatter ourselves that our journal will either diffuse the knowledge or promote the adoption of this *Arcanum* in Spain; but it will, we trust, tend to accelerate and extend the circulation of the work in our own country. And this is a matter of no small moment; for, *if Spain be subdued*, it will be impossible even for the most sagacious politician to determine *how long Britain will be safe!* The present situation of Spain may soon become that of this country. We may soon have to contend with a horde of French ravagers for our liberties and our laws. Can then the *arcanum* of defence, which Major Barber so well describes, be too soon disclosed?

Major Barber, as a preliminary to the development of his plan of national defence, considers '*what part of a population can be sustained as an army.*' This he computes only at one-eighth of the whole. But, according to the present military arrangements, not more than a fortieth part of the whole can be appropriated to the

making of war. France, with a population of from thirty to forty millions, has about a million of men in arms. Such a force is more than equal to all the *regular troops* in Europe. What hope then have the nations, who are not yet subdued, of resisting this formidable foe, and of averting the subjugation with which they are menaced? None under the *present* system of defence. But hope does seem to dawn and confidence and joy to arise in the system which Major Barber proposes to substitute in its room. The armies of Bonaparte never can be annihilated by *regular* soldiers; for we never can have a sufficiency for the purpose; This can be effected only by the whole effective strength of a country brought to bear, if not at once, at least by incessant repetitions of attack, on the hitherto invincible foe. The French must be opposed in *close conflict*; in which man will grapple with man: and where personal strength and heroism must finally prevail over discipline and skill. Tactics are of little advantage in the shock of a close encounter. The weapon which Major Barber proposes to employ for this purpose, and to put into the hands of the whole efficient population, is the pike. 'It is fully proved,' says the author, that '*the simple rush on of courageous men with fixed bayonets is more formidable and more decisive of victory than all the intricacies of formation, the protracted cannonade, and discharge of musquetry.*' But the pike is a much more powerful and efficacious instrument, either of attack or of defence than the bayonet. '*Each man may embody the best effects of arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and all the long et cetera of equipment in a single pike.*'—'With every smith and carpenter placed in requisition, a million may be qualified to take the field in a week, and at an expence not exceeding one hundred thousand pounds.' No incumbrances need oppress nor retard the march of pikemen; no dependance need be placed on tumbrils or magazines. With provisions for a few days, slung from the shoulder in a wallet, and with their instruments of destruction in their hands, 'the patriot host might march to the concerted point of union with the independence of supply and ease of ordinary pedestrians.'—'**TO FIGHT CLOSE, CHARGE INCESSANTLY, and BRING MAN TO MAN** should be the order of the day.' There is not an instance on record, in which the French have stood their ground, when manfully assailed by the British bayonet; and is it not much less likely that they could withstand the British or the Spanish pike, wielded by overwhelming myriads, resolutely determined either to conquer or to die? For a more particular detail of the training, &c. we must refer to the work itself; which will, we hope, be widely circulated both in Britain and on the continent.

ART. 14.—*The incontrovertible Proofs of the Forgeries in Major Hogan's Pamphlet: with the Particulars of the Informations filed by the Attorney General against Peter Finnerty, and a Variety of Others, for Libels on the King, Dukes of York and Sussex.* 8vo. 2s. Chapple. 1801.

IN our last number we gave the substance of Major Hogan's pamphlet, without hazarding any opinion on the truth or falsehood

of the statements it contained. The story, however, of the bank-notes, is since strongly presumed to be a fabrication of the Major himself, who has taken his passage to America, as his friends say, speedily to return, but as his enemies insinuate, to elude the shame of exposure and the punishment of the law. The author of this pamphlet assigns the following reasons for believing that the story of the bank-notes was a contrivance of Major Hogan :

‘ Major Hogan told him, (George Fozel, waiter at Franks’s hotel,) in the morning, *he expected a letter of great consequence*, and that it would be brought about dinner-time ; and particularly desired him to be attentive and receive it himself, and deliver it before the gentlemen who were to dine with him. The letter came before the cloth was removed, and he gave it the Major. Mr. Peter Finnerty was there, and wrote the attestation signed by the gentlemen and himself. That the Major promised to do great things for him, among the rest, to take him to America, and make his fortune : but all these promises were as fallacious as the letter, for the Major left the poor waiter to shift for himself.—Can there be a more irresistible proof of the forgery of the letter and the story of the bank-notes, than this *expectation* of it ? How could the Major *expect* the letter if he was wholly ignorant from whom it would come ? and how could he *expect* it exactly at the time so suited to his purpose ? and why appoint a particular person to receive it ? Need another word or argument be wasted to establish the fact, of its being a preconceived scheme, for the transaction can admit of no other conclusion ?

‘ Upon the evidence of the waiter, the master of the house, and other persons present, this letter was delivered between five and six o’clock, the common coffee-room dinner-time ; this is the positive evidence in point of time. How it came to be dusk on that particular day, even at six o’clock in the month of August, when the sun does not set till seven, is a phenomenon Mr. Finnerty will have to account for : however, those who can believe the story of the letter or barouche, will believe it was dark at three o’clock on the 27th of August ; but it is hoped the reader will not banish his understanding so readily as Mr. Finnerty banishes daylight. Why was the dusk of the evening fixed upon for the inquiry at the *Morning Chronicle* office as well as the delivery of the letter ?—For the plainest of all reasons, as it furnished an excuse for not giving a description of the supposed lady :—however, I have pinned Mr. Finnerty to the stake, and there I will keep him till he makes it clear to the public, how it came dusk in the month of August at six o’clock in the evening.

‘ I will now state another fact from the evidence of the waiter, and the master of the coffee-house—which is, that two days after he signed the attestation, and previous to the publication of the pamphlet, he (the waiter) left his place without any apparent cause, being upon exceeding good terms with his master :—I will not call forth Mr. F.’s ingenuity for another explanation, but tell him that which the waiter will tell the jury whenever he comes before them : that he was taken away and concealed, lest any inquiries should be

made of him respecting the transaction; and I believe his testimony will be corroborated by his master.'

If such really be the declaration of the waiter, and if his testimony be worthy of credit, it certainly does afford a strong presumptive proof that the story of the notes was a malicious invention of the Major, in order to bring an unmerited odium on the Duke of York. The authorship of Major H.'s Appeal is ascribed to Mr. Peter Finnerty, against whom an information has, it is said, been filed by the attorney-general, as well as against Garratt Gorman the publisher, Richard Bagshaw, and several other persons who are accused of writing libels on the Duke of York. We do not think that the cause of truth is likely to be much promoted by these prosecutions; but they may, perhaps, serve as a pretext for imposing restraints on the liberty of the press. The press itself will, we believe, ultimately be found the best protection even against its own licentiousness. Falsehood is always impotent when it is detected; and though the calumnies of malice or the misrepresentations of prejudice may, for a time, be very injurious to the reputation, and very destructive of the peace of individuals, yet where the press is entirely free, the effects of calumny and misrepresentation must ultimately be dissipated by the plain, the forcible, and convincing statements of truth. If the press furnish the malevolence of falsehood and defraction, with the strongest means of assault, yet it at the same time supplies more powerful weapons of defence, and finally of triumph, to the ingenuousness of candour and of truth. He who wears the armour of truth needs not to seek assistance in the vengeance of penal law. In prosecutions for libels, the object, which is sought, is not so much the elucidation of truth as the infliction of punishment. The infamous falsehoods of Major Hogan's pamphlet would have been sufficiently exposed, and, as far as the disgrace of being convicted in a lie can operate, sufficiently punished, without the aid of the attorney-general.—The press itself, by which the character of the Duke of York has been so foully aspersed, would have been ultimately found the most efficacious instrument of cleansing it from every stain. The liberty of the press cannot exist without some degree of licentiousness; but while the licentiousness disgraces the liberty, the liberty will always be found more than equal to counteract the licentiousness. We feel as much as loyal subjects ought to feel, for the august character of the Duke of York; and we reprobate with the utmost sincerity all those by whom it has been falsely reviled; but we cannot commend either the wisdom or the virtue of those persons who have advised his Royal Highness to lend his sanction to the present prosecutions.

ART. 15.—*The Defence of Out Posts; translated from the French.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1808.

THIS elegant little work has been translated from the French with the view of promoting the diffusion of military knowledge throughout Great Britain. We hope that it will experience an extensive circulation.

## POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Battle of Maida, an Epic Poem.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Scott, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Establishment. Symonds. 1808.

COLONEL Scott has chosen for the motto of his poem, four lines from Pitt's *Vida*, the first line beginning

'Yet none of all with equal honors shine.'

This is indeed truly exemplified in the above poem; for most certainly the colonel does not shine as an *epic poet*;—the rarest of all the poetic train. We have little doubt but that our poetic soldier, "with more than equal honor shines" in his own professional capacity; and we cannot help lamenting that we too often have to wade through volumes of stupidity and nonsense, proceeding from *very good sort of people, who will mistake their talents*. This seems to be the case with Colonel Richard Scott of the honourable East India company's Bengal establishment.

That we may not be thought to censure without some reason, we will give the following as a specimen of our author's powers as an *epic poet*.

"To Gallia's thunders louder peals reply,  
As Lemoine's lightnings pierce the Gallic sky,  
Hissing the bolts of death infuriate share  
The battle's rage,—and fire the sulphur'd air;  
Like to the red'ning gleams of loaded skies,  
Which dastards strike with terror and surprise;  
With horrid crash the form divine is torn,  
To seats celestial martyr'd spirits borne;  
Their lives resigning for their country's good,  
In faith relying on their Saviour's blood."

Weak and poor as this poem is in imagery, sentiment and diction, yet we must admire Colonel Scott's honest zeal and friendly spirit in endeavouring to panegyryze his gallant brother soldiers, who so nobly distinguished themselves at the battle of Maida. But in singing the praises of these heroes the lieutenant-colonel has not considered how very un-poetic, not to say absurd, such names as *Cole Johnson Kempt, O'Callaghans, Porter, &c.* sound in an *epic poem*. In the appendix Colonel Scott gives us an account of a victory gained by the English over the French at Cuddalore in 1783. He also informs us in one of his notes (of which there are a number) that *governor Hastings is descended from an elder branch of the Hukingdon family*; he is also so good as to tell us that Lord Clive fell a victim to wounded sensibility, and says



"O Clive, too soon that noble spirit fled  
Which foe ne'er fear'd,—base envy struck thee dead."

The poem is comprized in 56 pages; the notes and appendix, in 54.

ART. 17.—*The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. The fourth Edition, with considerable Additions. To which are now added, 'Oratio in funus Henrici Principis.' From Ashmole's Museum. Biographical Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 260. Longman. 1807.*

MOST of the poems of Bishop Corbet appear to have been occasional productions. But many of his pieces still please from their mild irradiations of sentiment and sparkling quaintnesses of wit. To this edition Mr. Gilchrist has prefixed a life of the author, in which he has collected every particular that can at this period be learned respecting him, with a patient and highly meritorious vigilance of research.—Bishop Corbet appears to have been a man of very independent spirit, and of very generous and amiable disposition.—The city of Norwich has perhaps been more often graced with prelates of this description than any other see. The present volume is very neatly printed, and is altogether well deserving of a place among the best editions of our earlier English poets.

ART. 18.—*La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, illustrata, &c.*

*The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri illustrated with Notes selected and abbreviated from various Commentators, by Romualdo Zotti. 3 Vols. 12mo. pp. 418. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds. Dulau. 1808.*

WE are acquainted with no gentleman who, from his knowledge of his native language and judgment in matters connected with his native literature, is better qualified than M. Zotti for the task he has undertaken,—nor is it an unimportant service to the public which he has thus rendered, since of all authors who have ever written (the puzzling Lycophron himself not excepted) Dante is perhaps the most inaccessible, without the aid of a commentary, and the most encumbered by the idle and indiscriminating zeal of his commentators. Thus the editions to which we usually have recourse, as the easiest to be procured in this country, are for the most part absolutely unintelligible from the want of explanation; while those who from admiration of the poet are induced to seek out the ponderous illustrations of his Italian annotators, put themselves to a vast expense, and receive in return heaps of lumber, through which it seems a hopeless task to wade for the information which they require.

M. Zotti has with great pains, but it appears to us with ample success also, selected out of this enormous mass, a sufficient number of useful and intelligible remarks to explain every doubtful passage of his author to the comprehension even of a Tyro in Italian literature. These notes are extremely clear and concise, and

so numerous that they amount almost to a running commentary upon the whole poem. Besides those which are explanatory of the historical and metaphysical allusions with which the poem abounds, M. Zotti has added several of his own, which are more immediately useful to a learner, containing critical remarks on style and language and on the construction of difficult passages.

It is obviously impossible to extract from labours such as these any particular instances which may serve as specimens of the whole. We must content ourselves, therefore, with having pointed out the principal objects of the publication, and with expressing our persuasion that it will become a most useful and important addition to the library of every Italian reader in this country.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*Prison Lucubrations; or Letters from that well-known Citadel, Ellenborough Castle, St. George's Fields, to a Friend in the Country; succinctly describing the Interior of that Fortress, its Rules, Usages, and Comforts, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of its Inhabitants, and serious Reflections on Bankrupt Laws and Insolvent Acts; and on the Humanity, sound Policy, and moral Justice of Imprisonment for Debt under the Law of England, contrasted with the Usage of other Nations. By a Veteran. Dedicated to the Earl of Moira. Craddock and Joy, Ave Maria-lane. 1808.*

THIS work contains a lively and interesting description of the interior of the King's Bench prison, and of the sufferings, follies and amusements of its unfortunate inhabitants. The author appears to have been not only a spectator of, but an associate in, the scenes of woe which he has described.—The perusal of his letters may benefit the thoughtless and extravagant, while it may invite the benevolent to explore that misery which is hid from the public gaze in those walls where the wretched captive is doomed for so many bitter days to be deprived of the genial air of heaven, and to experience pangs, which none but the most wretched feel.

ART. 20.—*The Life of David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians, with an Abridgment of his Diary and Journal from President Edwards. By John Styles, Author of an Essay on the Stage, &c. 12mo. pp. 291. 4s. Williams. 1808.*

MR. David Brainerd appears, from this account, to have deserved a strait waistcoat; and if the same salutary vestment were applied to the body of Mr. John Styles, it might peradventure cure him of that *cacoethes scribendi*, with which he seems so unfortunately possessed.

ART. 21.—*Crosby's Merchant and Tradesman's Pocket Dictionary, adapted to Merchants, Manufacturers, and Traders in various Branches of Commercial Interchange; containing the received Maxims and established*

*Regulations of Trade.—The Weights, Measures, and Qualities of Articles of Produce, Manufacture, and Merchandise. The Theory and Practice of the Custom and Excise. The Laws of Navigation, Shipping and Shipowners. The Duties of Brokers, Factors, and Agents. The Legal and Commercial Formulæ, employed in Trade. The new Legislative Provisions of the Stamp Act.\* The Commercial Relations of the Colonies, and the Trade in Colonial Produce. The Principles of Commercial Geography and Statistics. The Received Doctrine respecting Bills of Exchange and Paper Currency. The Institutions of our great trading Companies. The Laws of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, Assignments, Arbitration, &c. With a correct Map of England and Wales, and a Commercial List containing the Market Towns with their Market Days, Fairs, Distances, Bankers, London Agents, Rates of Postage and Population. By a London Merchant, assisted by several experienced Tradesmen. Crosby and Co.*

THE above work is very well adapted for what it professes, nor do we think that it professes more than it performs. Some inaccuracies may be noticed, but it is a useful little book for tradesmen, bankers, clerks, &c.

Art. 22.—*The Beauties of Tom Brown: consisting of humorous Pieces in Prose and Verse, selected from the Works of that satirical and lively Writer; to which is prefixed, a Life of the Author, by the late Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 8vo. J. and R. Hughes.*

TOM Brown was a fellow of infinite jest, his brain seemed to be in a constant ebullition of wit; but it was commonly coarse and not always chaste. Of these beauties as they are called, the first, which is one of the shortest, may serve as a specimen of the rest. It is called

*The Quaker's Grace.*

' Good God bless, we beseech thee, the churches that are beyond the seas; root out of them all antichristian tyranny of most abominable bishops; let not those silkworms and magpies have dominion over us; but give us our true primitive pastors, lay-elders, reverend tanners, religious basket-makers, upright cobblers, conscientious millers, and more conscientious tailors, reformed weavers, and inspired broom-men. Root out of us, thy church, that rag of superstition, the surplice, and let not a cap be seen among us with an idolatrous tuff upon it. The apostles were men ignorant and simple, and so are we; demolish the universities, for they are nurseries of vain learning: Greek is a heathen speech, and Latin the language of the beast, and all philosophy is vain. Bless, we beseech thee, thy family, and especially our sisters, that there may never be wanting a fruitful generation, springing from the loins of regenerate parents. Lastly, we come unto thee for a blessing on our dinner: bless this tripe, and this loin of veal, for it was a molten calf made Israel to sin; this capon, 'twas a cock, crowing made Peter repent; this turkey, although no Christian fowl, yet thou hast commanded us to pray for all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.'

' And although we have *Hebrew roots* enough, yet bless these *potatoes*: and this *custard*, for the land of Canaan flowed with *milk and honey*; these *tarts*, for thy judgments are *tart*, unless allayed with the *sugar* of thy mercy. Water us, *young shrubs*, with the dew of thy blessing, that we may grow up into tall *oaks*, and may live to be sawed out into *deal-boards*, to wainscot thy New Jerusalem.'

ART. 23.—*Mathematical Tables, containing the Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, and a traverse Table; to which are prefixed, Logarithmical, Arithmetic, and Plane Trigonometry; also Examples on the Mensuration of Heights and Distances, for the Use of Schools.* By J. Brown, Mathematician. The second Edition, corrected, improved, and enlarged with the following Additions, viz. an Account of the Nature and Calculation of Logarithms, and of Sines, Tangents, and Secants; Answers to the Examples on the Mensuration of Heights and Distances, and Solutions of the most difficult given in Notes; Rules for the Computation of Interest and Annuities, with Tables of Compound Interest, Probabilities of Life, and Annuities for Years, and an Appendix explaining the Application of Logarithms to the Mensuration of Heights by the Barometer. 8vo. Longman. 1808.

THE title sufficiently indicating the contents, we shall only add, that, as far as we have been able to examine, accuracy is very observable.

ART. 24.—*The Adventures of Ulysses.* By Charles Lamb. Juvenile Library, Skinner-street. 1808.

WE do not think that Mr. Lamb has succeeded so well in this performance as in his Shakespearian tales. In exhibiting the *Odyssey* in prose, he has often rendered it into language of such an awkward construction or such an antiquated cast as deducts very much from the interest of the story.

ART. 25.—*Procède grammatical, &c.*

*A grammatical Process for the Literary Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, by the synthetic and analytic Method. Printed on a Sheet, by William Savage, Bedfordbury. 1s.*

THIS is the invention of the ingenious Abbé Sicard, and 'was printed by his pupils on two very large sheets, one containing the method and the other the explanation. It is now republished in England on a single sheet, in hopes that those who are charged with the education of youth, may take the hint, and examine whether our own language first, and every other language after, may not be taught according to the method laid down in these tables. The process is executed in chalk, on a black board, six or eight scholars to a board, one writing while the others repeat.'

ART. 26.—*Mrs. Leicester's School, or History of several young Ladies, related by themselves.* Godwin, Juvenile Library, Skinner-street. 1809.

THE teacher of Mrs. Leicester's school, finding some embarrassment, when the pupils met together after the holidays, in getting the little folks to look and feel cheerful on leaving their parents and friends, suggests that each of the young ladies should give some account of their respective lives. After much encouragement, and many conciliating arts, a circle is made round the fire in the play-room, and the several little histories are told. They are as follow.—The Sailor Uncle—The Farm House—The Changeling—The Father's Wedding Day—The Young Mahometan—Visits to the Cousins—The Witch Aunt—The Merchant's Daughter—First Time of going to Church—The Sea-Voyage.—With much satisfaction do we express our unqualified praise of these elegant and most instructive tales; some of them are delightfully simple and exquisitely told. The 'Sailor-Uncle,' or 'Elizabeth Villiers,' has much feeling and good sense pourtrayed in it; the child or the parent who reads this little history, will, in spite of any resolution to the contrary, be touched to the heart, if not melted into tears. The 'Changeling,' or 'Ann Withers,' is what we next prefer; it is related with great feeling, and a most excellent moral may be drawn by young and old from the perusal. The 'Father's Wedding Day,' or 'Ellenor Forrester,' is a *little love*; whoever wrote it, much honour is due to him or to her for description, feeling, and superiority of thought. The very wrong and careless method, to say no worse of it, of leaving children to wander about and amuse themselves as they like with books, is very well condemned by the stories of the 'Witch Aunt,' or 'Maria Howe,' and the 'Young Mahometan,' or 'Margaret Green.' The last history, the 'Sea-Voyage,' or 'Arabella Hardy,' is most sweetly told, and a most delicious little thing. The perusal was highly gratifying. We were interested by the simplicity of the narrative, and by the judicious and instructive remarks. Morose and crabbed censors, as we are represented to be, we closed the volume, wishing that there had been another, and lamenting that we had got to the last.

ART. 27.—*Learning better than House and Land, as exemplified in the History of a Squire and a Cowherd.* By J. Carey, LL. D. Tabart and Co. 1808.

AS the moral of these juvenile performances is the main object, the more pleasing the story combined with it, the more instruction it is likely to convey. This little work intends to describe the solid advantages which may be derived from learning; and to make this more apparent, the author gives us a little tale in which two families are pourtrayed with some ingenuity. Harry Johnston is heir to a fine property, and a seat in parliament: every expense is lavished on him, and every master procured to make him a good



scholar, but, like many young masters of the present age as well as the last, he does not choose to learn. Some unexpected misfortunes induce his father and mother to embark for America, where, after much suffering from anxiety of mind, &c. they die, leaving the ignorant boy to make his own way. In so doing he feels the want of *learning*. The other family are described as peasants. Thomas Hobson is the cow-herd to Mr. or Squire Johnstone, and has saved a hundred pounds by his great industry and carefulness, but being turned out of his employ, owing to the misfortunes of his master, he also determines to seek his and his son's fortune in America. His son, Dick Hobson, has had a little schooling, and by means of singular assiduity and some assistance which he received from friends, he acquires enough when he gets to New York, to obtain employment as clerk to a merchant's house, whilst the other lad, Harry Johnstone, from neglecting his studies, is obliged to condescend to practice the *art of shaving*. So that the maxim of learning being better than house or land is exemplified in the vicissitudes of Harry Johnstone and Dick Hobson.

ART. 28.—*Crosby's Farmer's, Grazier's, Steward's, Bailiff's, and Cattle-keeper's Pocket Book for 1809; containing a general Account of Live and Dead Stock; a Quarterly Kalendar of Business to be performed in the Farm; a Journal ruled for every Day in the Year, &c. &c. Third Edition, corrected.* Crosby.

THIS is an improved and enlarged edition of a work which we noticed in a former number of the C.R.

ART. 29.—*The Spanish Post Guide, as published at Madrid by Order of the Government. Translated from the Original in order to be prefixed to the new Edition of Mr. Semple's Journey in Spain, &c. and illustrated by a Map.* Baldwin, 1808. Prices. 2s. 6d.

IN this work the different routes from Madrid to all parts of the peninsula are distinctly marked in the map, and printed in the book, with the distances in leagues, and the expence of travelling, &c. Its utility at the present period will procure purchasers without our recommendation.

ART. 30.—*A Series of Mercantile Letters intended to give a Knowledge of Business to those young Persons, whose Views are directed to Commerce, and for the Use of Schools.* By E. Hodgkins. 12mo. Boosey. 1808.

TO give a just idea of the nature of commerce, and some practical knowledge of business to young persons before they enter the counting house, has been the principal object in view in the compilation of these letters.

ART. 31.—*A plain, rational, and patriotic Essay on English Grammar; the main Object of which is to point out a plain, rational, and permanent Standard of Pronunciation; to which is given, a Key or Gamut, still more simple, plain, and easy than that given to Music; pointing out the Quality and Quantity, or the Duration and Sound of every Prosaic English Syllable and Word, whether native or borrowed, according to a just, natural, and cultivated Ear, which coincides with the present Mode of good Speakers in the Metropolis, and of course, with our Standard Accent Laws. By Duncan Mackintosh and his two Daughters. Barbadoes, the 12th of April, 1805. 8vo. Faulder. 1808.*

PRONUNCIATION is better taught by practice than by any rules. Indeed, there are delicacies in the variation of sounds which no rules can reach. The author has evidently bestowed much pains in constructing the system which he has here presented to the public; and perhaps foreigners or other persons who are not in the way of hearing the English language correctly pronounced, may be considerably benefited by a careful attention to the rules of Mr. Mackintosh, whose book will, at the same time, serve as a grammar of the language. In the commencement of this work we are informed that the author, 'was a native of Inverness in Scotland, but many years resident in the West Indies, where he once possessed a comfortable independence,' and where 'he lately died, leaving two daughters without any means of support, and for whose benefit this work is intended to be sold.' Such intelligence would disarm the severity of criticism even were we inclined to be severe. We are told that subscriptions are received by Mr. J. Faulder, bookseller, Bond-street. We heartily hope that the extensive sale of Mr. Mackintosh's book may be the means of providing a subsistence for his destitute children.

ART. 32.—*An Essay on the Life and Writings of Mr. Abraham Booth, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, in Little Prescott-street, Goodman's-Fields. By William Jones. 8vo. 4s. Button. 1808.*

BUT few particulars of the life of Mr. Booth are related in this work, and the remarks on his writings are an indiscriminate effusion of unqualified praise. Mr. Booth was a strenuous retailer of what is falsely called evangelical religion. He is said, when very young, to have manifested 'marks of piety;' to have been 'frequently overheard in private prayer,' and 'to have had a solemn and abiding concern for the salvation of his soul when he was about eleven years of age.' When we find this character given of a boy, we cannot but lament that one so young should so soon have become a hypocrite. We do not profess to be physiognomists, but if we were to attempt to descry moral qualities in the features of the face, we should say that the character of hypocrite was very legibly written in those of Mr. Abraham Booth. His face, according to the engraving of it which is prefixed to this essay, is that of a man whom we should expect to be 'frequently overheard in private prayer.' If Mr. Booth did not intend to be overheard when he

prayed, why did he not pray to himself? but, if he did intend to be heard, why did he pray in private, as if he wished his devotion to be concealed? This trait which Mr. Jones has recorded of his early life was one of pharisaical ostentation, which did not quit him as he grew old; but was one of those early marks of character which remained to the extremity of life. The following sentence may serve as a specimen of Mr. Jones's style, and of the manner in which he preserves unity and consistency of imagery in his diction:

'Here we may take occasion to remark, as one of the peculiar excellencies of the gospel of the grace of God, as what displays its glory and manifests its power, that the more the mind is *filled* with it, humbling the sinner, *emptying* him of all his self-sufficiency, and *reducing* him to an entire dependence on the grace and strength that are in Christ Jesus, the more it *diffuses* into the mind *solid* joy and happiness, and *excites* to the most vigorous exertions, to spend, and be spent for the Saviour's sake.'

In this *elegant* sentence we find Mr. Jones *filling* in order to produce *emptiness*, *consolidating* by means of *fluidity*, and *invigorating* by a *reduction of strength*. Such is the nonsense which is talked by religionists, who, like Mr. Abraham Booth, and his panyrist, Mr. Jones, lose sight not only of grammatical propriety, but of common sense!

ART. 23.—*The Logographic-emblematical French Spelling Book, or French Pronunciation made easy, &c. 3d Edition, corrected, and considerably improved. By M. Lenoir. Tabart, Old Bond-street, 1808.*

MONSIEUR Lenoir is truly a Frenchman! We do not condemn his method, though we cannot altogether commend the idea of teaching a child to speak without understanding what it says. But that we may not be too hasty we will subjoin one or more of the many of Monsieur Lenoir's *certificates*, attesting the efficacy of this method:

'This is to certify, that M. Lenoir, four years ago enabled my sister, Maria Cronak, by his logographic-emblematical method, to read French fluently and at first sight, and communicated to her the most exact and accurate pronunciation, in the course of six-and-thirty lessons. And as witness to the fact I have signed the present,

(Signed)

R. H. CROMAK.

'Great Marlborough-street, Feb. 1, 1799.'

"I do hereby certify and attest, that, on the 28th of November last, M. Lenoir began his attendance, as a French master, on my daughter, who is seven years of age; and that, by his logographic-emblematical method he has in the course of *eight and forty lessons*, enabled her to read fluently and without hesitation, at first sight, in any French book, with the utmost propriety and most accurate pronunciation, *even without understanding a syllable of what*

she was reading : and in approbation of the said method, I have signed the present.

(Signed)

SELENE HOPPNER.

Charles-Street, St. James's Square, Feb. 21. 1798.

If any of our readers have heard of Dr. Solomon's certificates specifying his prowess in curing all manner of terrible disorders, the above will not be new in the phraseology and force of attestation ; if they have not, Monsieur Lenoir's certificates will be not only vastly entertaining, but really edifying.

In the Critical Review for next month and in all the succeeding numbers we shall devote one or two pages to an *alphabetical Monthly Catalogue* ; or correct list of all the new publications that appear within the month with the prices annexed. Several correspondents have expressed a desire to see such a catalogue placed at the end of the C. R. ; and we have little doubt but that it will be generally gratifying to our readers.

The Appendix to Volume XV. of the C. R. containing various articles of Foreign Literature, with a Digest of Literature and of Politics for the last four months, will be published on the first of next month.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Borland has left with the publisher various papers respecting the controversy connected with the 5th Report of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry. One of these is his diploma, by which we find that he received the degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrews, in 1796. The others being written memorials, we have not read, as we think that our duty requires of us the perusal of printed works only.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald's letter has afforded us some merriment ;—we are sorry that he should be angry.

*List of Articles, which with many others will appear in the next number of the C. R.*

Souhey's Chronicle of the Cid.  
 Philosophical Transactions, part 1, for 1808.  
 Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kaimac.  
 Appendix to Murray's Life of Bruce.  
 Fischler's Picture of Valentia.  
 Amphlet's Ned Bentley.  
 Reece's Medical Dictionary.  
 Cottle's Cambria.  
 Flower versus Clayton, &c.